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The Empress of the East

By Frank G. Carpenter

John Chinaman at Home

By Rev. Francis E. Clark D.D.

A Treaty of Peace

By Gilbert Parker

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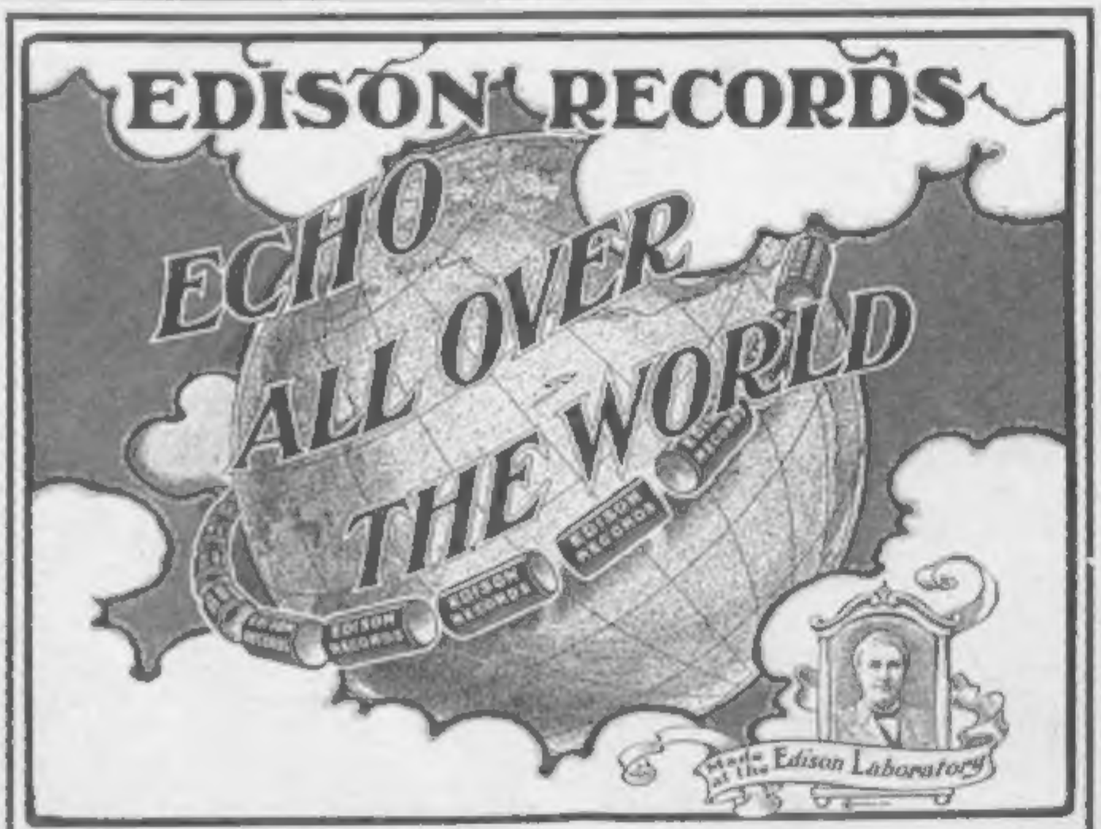

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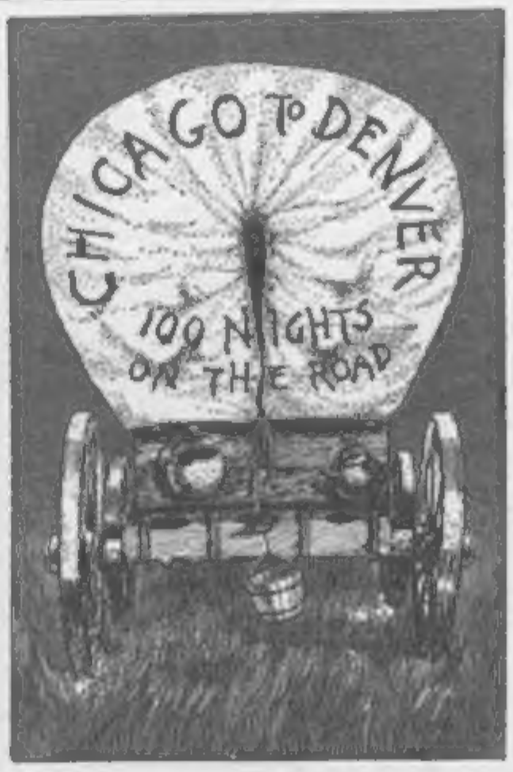

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The Empress of the East

By Frank G. Carpenter

IT IS now almost two years since the Empress Dowager of China, the storm-centre of the sanguinary disturbances so fatal to foreigners there, practically deposed the Emperor and again took the government into her own hands.

The Emperor, as you may remember, had fallen under the influence of the more progressive of the Chinese. The Chinese-Japanese War had shown him the need for China's reform along the lines of the Western civilization. He was advocating the building of railroads and the establishment of modern factories, the reorganization of the army and the institution of Western methods of education. He had directed that newspapers be established in the principal cities, and that schools and colleges be instituted to teach the Western sciences and languages. He was doing away with the exclusiveness which surrounds the court, and had called about him a number of Chinese who had been educated abroad to aid him in pushing his reform measures, when all at once he found himself seized by his own soldiers and imprisoned in one of his own palaces in the heart of the forbidden or most exclusive part of his capital city. At the same time such of his pro-Western friends as had not gotten warning and fled were executed, and every one connected with reform in any way was degraded.

All this was the work of the old Empress Dowager, who then sent out an edict that she had again assumed the control of the government, under the plea that His Majesty, the Emperor, was in ill health and not able to act. As a matter of fact, he was a prisoner.

How the Young Emperor was Superseded

His prison was a royal one—a gilded palace, with a gorgeous roof of porcelain of imperial yellow, but a prison nevertheless, surrounded by a moat filled with water and guarded by drawbridges which were always up unless Her Majesty directed them to be lowered. The Emperor took with him his wives of different ranks, and his lady attendants, but they were all the friends or slaves of the old Empress Dowager, the real Empress of China being her niece. He had his hundreds of servants, but they were all eunuchs, as is the custom in the palace, and all were directly subordinate to Pi Tsiaou Li, who as the bosom friend and confidant of the old Dowager was not only one of the richest but one of the most influential men in China.

In his prison the Emperor has carried on the semblance of government, with his executive acts dictated by the Empress Dowager, who sat with him when he received the officials and fathered only such of the work as she pleased. The popular things she has put forth as hers, while the unpopular have been issued as signed with the vermilion pencil of the Emperor. He was, in fact, the monkey with whose paws she pulled the chestnuts out of the imperial fire.

In the mean time she extended her power to every part of the government and to every province of China. The reformers who fled were pursued. Kang Yuh Wei, one of the Emperor's chief advisers, escaped only by means of an English gunboat and took refuge in Singapore. An offer of one hundred thousand taels, about $70,000, is said to have been offered for his capture or assassination. Another of the advisers is under the protection of the Japanese, and a third foreign sympathizer, who was at the head of the telegraphs of the Empire, is with the Portuguese at Macao. The newspapers have been discontinued, and some of the schools given up. Such of the viceroys as had inaugurated modern improvements ordered them discontinued, and one of the greatest of the viceroys, who had bought a modern carriage, dared not use it, but went back to his sedan-chair and his liveried coolies. The officials who were friendly with foreigners became afraid to manifest themselves, and apparently the only outsiders with any influence at court were the Russians, with whom the Empress Dowager seemed to be as hand and glove.

True and False Tales of the Empress' Life

And who is this woman who at will thus deposed the ruler of four hundred million people and put herself in his place, ruling more arbitrarily than any monarch that sits on a throne to-day? Few people outside of China know, and there are many in China who will tell you strange stories of her and her origin. The most of these are false. One which has been generally published in the United States and Europe is that Her Majesty began life as a slave girl in Canton, and as such attracted the notice of a Tartar general who brought her to Peking and presented her to the Emperor Hienfung. He was delighted with her wit and beauty and took her into the imperial harem as one of his secondary wives. This story is very pretty, but it is not true. It is the reproduction of the romance of the first Emperor of the Ming Dynasty, the famous Beggar King who ruled China more than three hundred years ago. His name was Hung Lo and he began life as a beggar. At one time he worked for a relative who half starved him. In his relative's family, however, there was a slave girl who took pity on him and secretly gave him food. The result was that he fell in love with her, and later, when by means of a revolution he became Emperor of China, he married her and placed her on the throne beside him.

The real story of the Empress Dowager is much more prosaic, but it has its romance, nevertheless. Her Majesty was the daughter of one of the noblest of the Manchu families, and as such, when the Emperor Hienfung, wanting to add to his imperial harem, sent out notice, she with all the other pretty princesses of the Tartar nobility between the ages of twelve and eighteen made their way to the imperial palace to be looked over in order that he might have the pick. There were hundreds who came with her, and the lot was weeded out again and again by the chief lady of the palace, the then Empress Dowager, until at last but two or three of the best and the prettiest were reserved to be presented to His Majesty. Of these one was the girl who became Empress Dowager.

When she was taken into the palace she was only a concubine or secondary wife, and her full name was Tzehi Toanyu Kangi Chaoyu Chuangcheng Shokung Chinhien Chungsih. She was, however, tall and straight and handsome, with a skin the color of a yellow peach, jet black hair and eyes of sparkling black. She was as witty and as winsome as she was beautiful, and she at once got the love of His Majesty. Within a short time she presented him with a child, the first he had yet had, the boy who afterward became the Emperor Tungchi. This so delighted the Emperor that he raised her to the rank of Empress, giving her the title of the Western Empress to distinguish her from his first wife who was known as the Eastern Empress. The two Empresses had separate palaces, one at the east and the other at the west part of the Forbidden City.

How She Came to be China's Actual Ruler

It was not long after this that the Emperor Hienfung died. There are some uncharitable enough to say that the Empress Dowager got tired of him and put him out of the way. This is hardly probable, however, for she was his favorite, and as such to a great extent the power behind the throne. At any rate, she became more powerful immediately after his death, and from that time, almost forty years ago, she has been the real ruler of the Chinese Empire.

At first she had the Eastern Empress and Prince Kung associated with her in the regency, which was to last only until her son Tungchi became of age. The two Empresses were supposed to run the government, but all of their edicts had to be approved by Prince Kung. The Maternal Empress did not like this at all. She could control the Eastern Empress, but she could not control Kung and she had to get rid of him. She did so in a curious way. She made her boy, who was yet little more than a baby, issue an edict that Kung had been grossly disrespectful to him as Emperor and that for this he must be degraded. This was done. His titles were taken from him and he was confined, just as afterward the Emperor was confined, in one of the palaces. Three days later an edict from the baby Emperor was published stating that Prince Kung had with flowing tears thrown himself at the foot of the throne and confessed his fault and that His Majesty had thereupon pardoned him. He was thereupon given back his rank and offices, all but that of having participation in the regency with the Empresses. From then on the Empress Dowager was the undisputed ruler of China. She used Prince Kung, now favoring and now degrading him as her humor or her plans dictated.

The two Empresses seem to have had no friction, the Maternal Empress being the real power. At any rate, we hear nothing of the other in the story of imperial

affairs, until her death about eighteen years ago. At that time there was great excitement in China, for it was supposed that it was the Empress Tzehi instead of the Empress Tzu An who was sick. Native doctors from all parts of China came to the palace, and one foreign physician, an eminent Scotchman practicing medicine in Peking, was asked for advice. He refused to prescribe, however, upon being told that he could not see the imperial patient and that his medicines must be administered second-hand. As a result of the illness the Empress died, although the Chinese doctors did everything in their power.

Measures to Maintain Her Supremacy

When her son became of age the Empress Dowager pretended to abdicate in his favor. She was still the real ruler, however, and when he died in 1875 of smallpox, as it was claimed at Court, she picked out her nephew, the much-persecuted Emperor, to succeed him. She did this notwithstanding his wife, the Empress Aleulet, was soon to have a child. The Empress died, however, before the child came, and the enemies of the Empress Dowager say Her Majesty had something to do with the death. It was at any rate convenient in raising no opposition to the existing régime. While the little Emperor was in his childhood there was of course no opposition to the rule of the Empress Dowager. She was monarch throughout and ruled absolutely until the young man began to take things into his own hands, when she had him deposed.

One of her troubles with the Emperor was, it is said, on account of his mother. This old lady, the wife of Prince Chun, had called upon the Empress Dowager at her palace in Eho Park, some distance from Peking, and had remonstrated with her concerning her demands that the young Emperor should so often come out to consult with her when his health and the interests of state demanded his presence in the palace. This made the Empress Dowager very angry. She ordered her servants to take away the Emperor's mother's sedan-chair and make her ride back to Peking in a common cart. The old lady was so mortified that she died the next day. This happened in 1896 and it caused an estrangement between the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, which increased.

The last straw which broke the back of Her Majesty's patience was the report that the Emperor had ordered his soldiers to imprison her in her palace and to prevent her having anything to do with the government. It was then that she sent for Yung Lo, her friend, the head of the army, and ordered him to seize the Emperor and confine him.

Exclusiveness of the Empress and the Court

The Imperial Court at Peking has been perhaps the most exclusive of the Courts of the world. The Emperor is the father, priest and king of the Chinese nation. He is the Son of Heaven, the chief god of the people. He stands higher religiously than either Pope or Czar. He prays and sacrifices *for* his people, and everything connected with him is holy.

It has been much the same with the Empress Dowager, who has been pulling the strings which made this imperial puppet act. An Empress is too holy to be looked at by common eyes and her feet are too sacred to touch anything but clay of the imperial yellow hue. I had visible evidence of this during a recent visit to Peking. I was riding through the streets early one morning when I saw several hundred half-naked coolies pushing wheelbarrows of yellow dirt in front of them. A little farther on I saw others scattering such dirt over the road, covering it smoothly with the yellow clay. At the same time I could see the householders tacking up straw mats and cloths in front of their houses and officials stretching blue cotton across the side streets. I asked the reason and was told that the Empress Dowager expected to take an airing that afternoon and that the streets were being prepared for her. Our Minister was apprised by the Court of the fact, and he thereupon warned all Americans to keep away from the line of march, and I was told that all the Chinese living along it would get down on their knees and bump their heads against the ground in adoration while her Imperial Majesty passed.

At such times, Royalty is always accompanied by Manchu archers, and the Peeping Tom who dares to look out through a hole in the mats is liable to get an arrow in his buttonhole of an eye.

Her Majesty has always been a great stickler for form, and the Peking Gazette is full of the punishments meted out for the infraction of the rules of the palace. One of her chief complaints against the Emperor was that he received his Ministers improperly, allowing them to stand and sit before him instead of making them kneel as formerly. The grooms of the palace have often been handed over to severe punishment for not having Her Majesty's carriage ready on time, and a young servant named Kau was recently executed for presuming to submit a memorial to the throne criticising her. The old Empress Dowager had the young man brought into her presence and asked him if the memorial was his own idea.

He replied that it was, whereupon she directed that his head be cut off.

Her Majesty's First Sight of Foreign Ladies

Until recently Her Majesty received her officials behind a screen, allowing no man to look upon her divine features. Of late years, however, she has given them audiences face to face, and when the brother of the Emperor of Germany, Prince Heinrich, visited Peking a year or so ago she gave him an audience and actually shook him by the hand, a thing heretofore unknown in Chinese history.

It was the Empress Dowager who first admitted foreign ladies to the court and palaces of the Emperor. This first happened two years ago and it was repeated again last year. This first reception was a great step in bringing the Chinese into communication with the rest of the world. It was regarded as a precedent and as an important mark on the pages of modern China. The manner of the reception was most interesting. It was described to me the other night by one of the ladies in attendance. Said she:

"The reception was remarkable in that it was the first ever given to foreign ladies, and also in that we were the first foreign women Her Majesty had ever seen, as up to that time no foreign woman had ever been in the palace.

"The reception required a long time for its arrangement. There were no rules of procedure and the leading Chinese officials and their wives labored over it for weeks. They held many conferences with the foreign Ministers, but after a time all was satisfactorily arranged and the day for the call was set. It was decided that we should meet at the house of Lady McDonald, the wife of the British Minister, and that she as *doyenne* of the diplomatic corps should lead the procession.

Journeying in State to the Forbidden City

"The reception was held in the daytime. This was contrary to the usual custom of the palace, where the audiences are usually at night or about daybreak. It was at ten o'clock when we assembled at the British Legation and we were taken from there to the Imperial City by a mounted escort of Chinese soldiers. Each of us rode in an official chair carried by four Chinamen in livery, and each was accompanied by two of the petty Chinese officials, or mapoos, belonging to her Legation.

"There were seven ladies in all, and the procession made up of these chairs, those of the interpreters, and the regiment of Chinese cavalry was a long one. It took its way slowly through the wide streets of the Tartar City and on into the Imperial City to the gates of the Forbidden City, the Holy of Holies of the Chinese Empire, and to the place in which the palaces of the Emperor and his Court are. We were taken through great walls, across moats, over bridges of marble, past many guards and officials of different rank.

"At the gate of the Forbidden City the chairs were halted and we all got out. Here we found the toy railroad train given by the French to the Emperor waiting for us, with a crowd of eunuchs ready to push it over the track. There are several thousand of them employed about the palace.

"We entered the cars and were carried over a little railroad, through a vast extent of beautiful gardens, by lakes and winding streams, past one great palace after another, and at last stopped at what I might call the Hall of Audience. Here we found a large number of the ladies of the palace awaiting us. They were beautifully dressed in Manchu costume and with them were many eunuchs. We were met by the ladies and conducted by them up the stairs into a large room, at the back of which, on a platform with a little table in front of her, sat the Empress Dowager.

The Personal Appearance of the Empress

"Her Majesty was dressed in a pale yellow silk gown, beautifully embroidered with flowers and dragons of the same color. She wore the headdress commonly worn by elderly Chinese women, her hair being fastened in a knot at the back just below the crown, the front of the head and a part of the forehead being concealed by a silk band heavily embroidered with pearls of large size.

"I was struck with Her Majesty's youthful appearance," this lady continued. "She was sixty-four, but she looked ten years younger. Her face was plump and free from wrinkles. She had a high forehead, elongated perhaps by the custom of the Chinese ladies of pulling out the hairs at the edge of the forehead with tweezers. She had a strong face and in youth must have been very pretty. During the audience she frequently smiled, and I could see no signs of that cruelty of disposition with which she has been charged.

"Beside the Empress Dowager sat the Emperor, a pale, delicate-looking Chinese youth, and behind her were many young Manchu princesses clad in gay costumes, with their hair done up in the gorgeous butterfly fashion common to the Court. All of these waiting maids were delicately painted and powdered. The Empress Dowager was not.

"Lady McDonald made the address in behalf of the foreign ladies. She spoke in English and her words were translated into Chinese by the interpreter of the British Legation. Her Majesty replied in an address which was read by Prince Ching, the Premier of the Empire, and which was thereupon translated into English. In this address Her Majesty made us welcome to the palace and to China. She said she was glad indeed to receive us as foreigners, and that we should be friendly with one another, for were we not all of one family?

"After this Prince Ching presented us each in turn to Her Majesty, and we were then taken into a great banquet hall where the Empress Dowager, the Empress and the score and more of princesses sat down to dinner. The banquet was fine, being made up of many courses and consisting of both Chinese and foreign dishes. Each lady was supplied with chop sticks and a knife and fork and could use which she pleased.

"After the banquet the Empress Dowager again met informally with the ladies, drinking tea with each of them in turn, and in some cases throwing her arm about one and embracing her.

"At this time she gave each lady a present of a beautiful gold ring set with a pearl as big as a marrowfat pea, three silk dresses from the royal looms and a set of two dozen combs. Throughout the whole audience she was exceptionally gracious, and her manners were as polite and affable and at the same time as dignified and ladylike as could be those of any Empress of Europe."

Editor's Note—This paper is based upon information gathered on the spot for The Saturday Evening Post by Mr. Carpenter only a few weeks ago

Doorkeeper for Presidents

By René Bache

SIMMONS is the right hand of the McKinley Administration. He has acted in that capacity for every President since Lincoln, save one, who voluntarily dispensed with his services, and, as might have been foreseen, failed of reelection. Political parties come and go, but he remains and tends the door through which only is it possible to reach the august presence of the Executive.

Simmons was born a slave on a plantation in North Carolina. In one respect he was very fortunate, inasmuch as he received an education as good as that bestowed upon any white child—a favor which he owed to two old-maid sisters, his mistresses, who had made the boy a sort of body-servant. He slept every night in a cot at the foot of their bed, and thus was ready at all times for duty. Being the kindest of women, they never whipped him, but, when he got into mischief, inflicted upon him a highly original species of punishment. This consisted in obliging him to go at night into a neighboring cemetery and get a handful of earth from the grave of a certain man who had been murdered. It was no agreeable job, for, as was well known to all the colored people of that vicinity, the ghost of the murdered man was apt to be on the prowl after nightfall, and would certainly wreak a vengeance horrible, though vague, upon the youthful Simmons if it caught him in the act of despoiling its burial-place. So the boy would run through the burying-ground at top speed and snatch a sample of soil from the grave as he passed it, and would fetch it to the sisters as token of penance performed.

Great events were maturing, however, while Simmons was taking care of the old ladies and doing ghost-races for moral exercise. The storm cloud of the Civil War gathered and broke, and the youth was no indifferent listener to the thunders of the conflict. When the time seemed ripe, in the autumn of 1864, he gathered his modest chattels into a bundle and started northward, making Washington his goal, because Abraham Lincoln lived there. Once arrived, he soon learned that Mr. Lincoln was to be found at the White House, and to a person of his energy and singleness of purpose the rest was easy. Within a week he was regularly employed in the Executive Mansion in the culinary department.

After Lincoln's death Simmons was informed that Andrew Johnson was going to discharge all of the "Lincoln niggers" employed about the White House. It was a prediction that seemed only too likely to be fulfilled, and obviously the emergency called for energetic treatment. So Simmons looked up the career of his new chief, and discovered that, by a strange coincidence, the latter, like himself, had been born in North Carolina. Next Monday morning, when Mr. Johnson made a formal inspection of the force on the premises, he cast a cold eye upon the colored youth and said gruffly:

"What are you doing here?"

"I was born in North Carolina, Mr. President," replied Simmons, ready with his answer.

"That settles it," said Mr. Johnson; "you can stay."

The historical records are silent as to the manner in which Simmons came to be promoted to the position of guardian of the Presidential doorknob—the post of responsibility which he now holds. It is not even known exactly when he first took up this important duty—whether just before the death of Mr. Lincoln or early in Mr. Johnson's Administration. Suffice it to say that General Grant found him installed and, appreciating his worth, retained his services.

Meanwhile Simmons had ventured upon matrimony, and there were consequences. Several young Simmonses opened wide their mouths like robins in the home nest. Domestic expenses were proportionately augmented, and the President's doorkeeper began to meditate on the chances of securing an increase of salary. Primed with a felicitous speech, most carefully composed, he waylaid General Grant in the library one morning and requested a moment's interview. Said he:

"Mr. President, I find myself in a grievous predicament, being embarrassed by multitudinous responsibilities. Because of my position at the White House, my children are obliged to furnish an example to all the other pupils at the public school in respect to dress and deportment. This involves an expenditure to which my pay is hardly adequate, and I wish to ask if, under the circumstances, you will not put me on the military roll, which will add materially to my remuneration."

That is how Simmons got his raise.

Alas! that it should be necessary to record an event which followed the incoming of the Harrison régime—an event which, in the judgment of the impartial historian, must cast a blot upon an otherwise creditable Administration. To put the matter crudely, Simmons was bounced. The blow was hardly softened by the fact that the discharge took the form of a transfer to the Treasury Department, where he was put to work in the sub-cellar, in a place locally known as Botany Bay.

"Think," he says, "of the degradation to which I was reduced. I, who had been accustomed to associate daily with Presidents, Cabinet officers and statesmen, was thrown back literally into slavery. They shut me up in a cellar, tied a leather apron on me, put a knife in my hand, and set me to work untying bundles."

Verily, no man is so great that he may not find himself subjected to humiliation.

Since McKinley came in Simmons has made himself so valuable to the Administration that the President asked the last Congress to raise his salary from $1200 to $1400. The Senate put the increase into an appropriation bill, but the House struck it out, and Simmons missed the reward he had so well deserved.

John Chinaman at Home

By Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

His Queer Beliefs

THE army of China is the laughing-stock of the world, and no wonder. It is a synonym for cowardice and not for courage. It is a rabble picked up in the slums, ill-equipped, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-paid or paid not at all. Even the Chinese laugh at their own soldiers.

At a recent public meeting the speaker, an American, urged Christian courage and fortitude, saying that his hearers must endure hardship and be brave like good soldiers. When his Chinese interpreter came to translate this passage he interpolated the remark: "Of course he does not mean Chinese soldiers."

Why should they be brave? They have no high motive to urge them to heroism. Patriotism, as we understand it, does not exist. Pride of race there is, but no love of country or government. A race of Manchu robbers has been in power for two hundred and fifty years. Their authority is tottering on the brink of ruin. What soldier would risk his life unnecessarily for such a gang of bandits?

Moreover, these soldiers know that they are constantly starved in rations and cheated in arms and munitions of war by their superior officers. Tons and tons of gunpowder are filched every year from Chinese forts and magazines and sold to the firecracker makers, and doubtless a large proportion of the noisy little fuses with which American youngsters usher in the Fourth of July are made of stolen powder. At the time of the Japanese war hundreds of government rifles and even some cannon were in the pawn-shops, where they had been placed by patriotic officers who did not have time to get them out before the war was finished.

His Ridiculous Army

During the early "Boxer" troubles a squad of Chinese soldiers was detailed from a fort to guard the premises of some friends of mine at Paoting-fu, near Peking. Night after night the soldiers marched into my friend's compound and camped in one of his outhouses. At last it occurred to him to request the soldiers to fire a salute, so that all ill-disposed persons might know of their presence. To this they gravely replied that they would gladly do so had any powder been given them, but that before the next night they would get some powder and fire the salute at nine o'clock. Thereafter, for a week or more, promptly at the appointed hour, the welkin rang with a tremendous discharge of small arms. But one night it was omitted, and my friend, inquiring the reason, was told that the soldiers were out of wadding. It was afterward discovered that when the soldiers had powder and wadding they had no bullets.

The fact that flint-locks are still made and sold in China—as well as the huge, antiquated harquebuses that require two men to hold and fire, the long barrel resting on the shoulders of one man while the second touches off the fuse—speaks volumes for the inefficiency of the Chinese sharpshooter. But the most amusing

(*Concluded on Page 24 of This Number*)

PHOTOS TAKEN BY DOCTOR AND MRS. CLARK

A Treaty of Peace

By Gilbert Parker

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MR. WILLIAM SOWERBY, Lieutenant in the Mounted Infantry, was in a difficult situation, out of which he was little likely to come with credit—or his life. It is a dangerous thing to play with fire, so it is said; it is a more dangerous thing to walk roughshod over Oriental customs. A man ere this has lost his life in the East by carrying his shoe-leather across the threshold of a mosque, and this sort of thing William Sowerby knew, and of his knowledge he heeded. He did not heed another thing, however; which is, that Oriental ladies are at home to but one man in all the world, and that your acquaintance with them must be modified by a mushrabieh screen, a yashmak, a shaded, fast-driving brougham, and a hideous eunuch.

William Sowerby had not been long in Egypt, and he had not traveled very far or very wide in the Orient; and he was an impressionable and harmless young man whose bark and bite were of equal value. His ideas of a harem were inaccurately based on the legend that it is necessarily inhabited by many wives and slaves. It had never occurred to him that there might be a sort of family life in a harem; that a pasha or a bey might have daughters as well as wives; or might have only one wife—which is less expensive; and that a harem is not necessarily an elysium of rosy-petaled love. Yet he might have known it all, and should have known it all, if he had taken one-fifth of the time to observe and study Egyptian life that he gave to polo and golf and racquets. Yet even if he had known the life from many standpoints he would still have cherished illusions, for, as Dicky Donovan, high in favor of the Khedive, said in some satirical lines, the cherished amusement of more than one dinner-table:

"Oh, William, William Sowerby,
Has come out for to see
The way of a Bimbashi
With Egyptian Cavalree.
But William, William Sowerby,
His eyes do open wide
When he sees the Pasha's chosen
In her 'bruggam' and her pride.
And William, William Sowerby,
He has a tender smile
Which will bring him in due season
To the waters of the Nile—
And the cheery crocodile!"

It can scarcely be said that Dicky was greatly surprised when Mahommed Yeleb, the servant of "William, William Sowerby," came rapping at his door one hot noonday with a dark story of something that had happened to his master. This was the heart of the thing: A languid, bored, inviting face, and two dark, curious eyes, in a slow-driving brougham out on the Pyramid Road; William's tender answering smile; his horse galloping after to within a discreet distance of the palace, where the lady alighted. The same thing for several days, then a device to let the lady know his name, then a little note in half Arabic, half French, so strange, so mysterious, so fascinating—William Sowerby walked on air! *Then* a nocturnal going forth, followed by his frightened servant, who dared not give a warning, for fear of the ever-ready belt which had scarred his back more than once; the palace wall, an opening door, the figure of his master passing through, the closing gate; and then no more—nothing more, for a long thirty-six hours!

Mahommed Yeleb's face would have been white if his skin had allowed it—it was a sickly yellow; his throat was guttural with anxiety, his eyes furtive and strained, for was he not the servant of his master, and might not he be marked for the early tomb if his master was gone that way?

"*Afwa*, Effendi, it is sure," he said to Dicky Donovan, who held high place in the Khedive's favor. He was a small man, and had no fear of anything that breathed; and he kept his place with Ismail because he told the truth pitilessly, was a poorer man than the Khedive's barber, and a beggar beside the Chief Eunuch; also because he had a true understanding of the Oriental mind, together with a real sense of humor. So it was well between him and the spendthrift tyrant, Ismail.

"What is sure?" said Dicky to the Arab with assumed composure; for it was important that he should show neither anxiety nor astonishment, lest panic seize the man, and he rush abroad with grave scandal streaming from his mouth; and the English fat be in the Egyptian fire for ever. "What is sure, Mahommed Yeleb?" repeated Dicky, lighting a cigarette idly.

"It is as God wills; but as the tongue of man speaks, so is he—Sowerby bimbashi, my master—swallowed up these thirty-six hours in the tomb prepared for him by Selamlik Pasha."

Dicky felt his eyelids twitch, and he almost gave a choking groan of anxiety, for Selamlik Pasha would not spare the invader of his harem; an English invader would be a delicate morsel for his pitiless soul. He shuddered inwardly at the thought of what might have occurred, what might occur still.

If Sowerby had been trapped and were already dead, the knowledge would creep through the bazars like a soft wind of the night, and all the Arab world would rejoice that a cursed Inglesi, making the unpardonable breach of their code, had been given to the crocodiles, being smothered, or stabbed, or tortured to death with fire. And, if it were so, what could be done? Could England make a case of it, avenge the life of this young fool who had disgraced her in the eyes of the world, of the envious French in Cairo, and of that population of the palaces who hated her because Englishmen were the enemies of backsheesh, corruption, tyranny and slavery? And to what good the attempt? There is the personal law of the Oriental palace, and who may punish any therein save by that personal law? What outside law shall apply to anything that may happen within the mysterious walls of the harem? Who shall bear true witness, when the only judge is he whose palace it is? Though twenty nations should unite to judge, where might proof be found? Inside the palace, where all men bear false witness?

If Sowerby were not dead, then resort to force? Go to Selamlik Pasha, the malignant, and demand the young officer? How easy for Selamlik Pasha to deny all knowledge of his existence! Threaten Selamlik—and raise a Mohammedan crusade? That would not do.

Say naught, then, and let Sowerby, who had thrust his head into the jaws of the tiger, get it out as best he could, or not get it out as the case might be?

Neither was that possible to Dicky Donovan, even if it were the more politic thing to do, even if it were better for England's name. Sowerby was his friend, as men of the same race are friends in a foreign country together. Dicky had little opinion of Sowerby's sense or ability, and yet he knew that if he were in Sowerby's present situation—living or dead—Sowerby would spill his blood a hundred useless times, if need be, to save him.

He had no idea of leaving Sowerby where he was if alive, or of not avenging him one way or another if he were dead. But how that might be he was not on the instant sure. He had been struck as with a sudden blindness by the news, though he showed nothing of this to Mahommed Yeleb. His chief object was to inspire the Arab with confidence, since he was probably the only man outside Selamlik's palace who knew the thing as yet. It was likely that Selamlik Pasha would be secret till he saw whether Sowerby would be missed and what inquiry was made for him. It was important to Dicky, in the first place, that this Mahommed Yeleb be kept quiet, by being made a confidant of his purposes so far as need be, an accomplice in his efforts whatever they should be. Kept busy, with a promise of success and backsheesh when the matter was completed, the Arab would probably remain secret. Besides, as Dicky said to himself, while Mahommed kept his head he was not likely to run the danger of parading himself as the servant of the infidel who had invaded the Pasha's harem. Again, it was certain that he had an adequate devotion to his master, who had given him as many ha'pence as kicks, and many cast-off underclothes and cigarettes.

Thus it was that before Dicky had arranged what he should do, though plans were fusing in his brain, he said to Mahommed Yeleb seriously, as befitting the breach Sowerby had committed—evenly, as befitted the influence he wished to have over the Arab: "Keep your tongue between your teeth, Mahommed. We will pull him through all right!"

"But, Effendi, whom God honor, for greatness is in all thy ways, friend of the Commander of the Faithful as thou art—but, Saadat, if he be dead!"

"He is not dead. I know it by the eyes of my mind, Mahommed—yes, I give you my word, he is not dead!"

"Saadat, thou art known as the truth-teller and the incorruptible—this is the word of the Egyptian and the infidel concerning thee; and I kiss thy foot, Saadat. For it is true he hath deserved death, but woe be to him by whom his death cometh! And am I not his servant to be with him while he hath life, and hath need of me? If thou sayest he is alive, Effendi, then he is alive, and my heart rejoices!"

Dicky scarcely heard what the Arab said, for the quick conviction he had had that Sowerby was alive was based on the fact, suddenly remembered, that Selamlik Pasha had only returned from the Fayoum this very morning, and that, therefore, he could not as yet have had any share in the fate of Sowerby, but had probably been sent for by the Chief Eunuch. It was but an hour since that he had seen Selamlik Pasha driving hastily toward his palace.

His mind was instantly made up, his plans formed to his purpose.

"Listen, Mahommed," he said to the Arab. "Listen to each word I say, as though it were the prayer to take you into Paradise. Go at once to Selamlik Pasha. Carry this ring the Khedive gave to me—he will know it. Do not be denied admittance to him. Say that it is more than life and death; that it is all he values in the world. Once admitted to him, say these words: '*Donovan Pasha knows all, and asks an audience at midnight in this palace. Until that hour Donovan Pasha desires peace. For is it not the law, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth? Is not a market a place to buy and sell?*'"

"Sowerby bimbashi, my master—swallowed up these thirty-six hours in the tomb prepared for him by Selamlik Pasha"

Four times did Dicky make the Arab repeat the words after him, till they ran like water from his tongue, and dismissed him upon the secret errand with a handful of silver.

Immediately the Arab had gone Dicky's face flushed with excitement, in the reaction from his assumed composure before Mahommed. For five minutes he walked up and down, using language scarcely printable, reviling Sowerby, and setting his teeth in anger. But he suddenly composed himself and, sitting down, stared straight before him for a long

time without stirring a muscle. There was urgent need of action, but there was more urgent need of his making no mistake, of his doing *the one thing* necessary, for Sowerby could be saved in only one way, not many.

It was useless to ask the Khedive's intervention—Ismail dared not go against Selamlik in this. Whatever was done must be done between Selamlik Pasha, the tigerish libertine, and Richard Donovan, the little man who, at the tail end of Ismail's reign, was helping him hold things together against the black day of reckoning; "prepared for the devil and all his angels," as Dicky had said to Ismail on this very momentous morning, when warning him of the perils in his path. Now, Dicky had been at war with Selamlik ever since, one day long ago on the Nile, he and Fielding had thwarted his purposes; and Dicky had earned the Pasha's changeless hatred by calling him "Trousers"—for this name had gone up and down throughout Egypt as a doubtful story travels, drawing easy credit everywhere. Those were the days when Dicky was irresponsible. Of all in Egypt who hated Dicky most, Selamlik Pasha was the chief. But most people hated Selamlik, so the world was not confounded by the great man's rage, nor did they dislike Dicky simply because the Pasha did. Through years Selamlik had built up his power, until even the Khedive feared him, and would have been glad to tie a stone around his neck and drop him into the Nile. But Ismail could no longer do this sort of thing without some show of reason: Europe was hanging on his actions, waiting for the moment to depose him.

All this Dicky knew, and five minutes from the time Mahommed Yeleb had left him he was on his way to Ismail's palace, with his kavass behind him, cool and ruminating as usual, now answering a salute in Turkish fashion, now in English, as Egyptians or Europeans passed him.

CHAPTER II

THERE was one being in the Khedive's palace whose admiration for Dicky was a kind of fetish, and Dicky loathed him. Twice had Dicky saved this Chief Eunuch's life from Ismail's anger, and once had he saved his fortune—not even out of compassion but out of his inherent love of justice. As Dicky had said: "Let him die for what he has done, not for what he has not done. Send him to the devil with a true bill of crime."

So it was that Dicky, who shrank from the creature whom Ministers and Pashas fawned upon—so powerful was his position in the palace—went straight to him now to get his *quid pro quo*, his measure for measure.

The tall, black-coated, smooth-faced creature, silent and watchful and lean, stepped through the doorway with the footfall of a cat. He slid forward, salaamed to the floor—Dicky wondered how a body could open and shut so like the blade of a knife—and catching Dicky's hand, kissed it.

"May thy days be watered with the dew of heaven, Saadat," said the Chief Eunuch.

"Mine eyes have not seen since thy last withdrawal," answered Dicky blandly, in the high-flown Oriental way.

"Thou hast sent for me, Saadat. I am thy slave."

"I have sent for thee, Mizraim. And thou shalt prove thyself, once for all, whether thy hand moves as thy tongue speaks."

"To serve thee I will lay down my life—I will blow it from me as the wind bloweth the cotton flower. Have I not spoken thus since the Feast of Beiram, now two years gone?"

Dicky lowered his voice. "Doth Mustapha Bey, that son of the he-wolf, Selamlik Pasha, still follow the carriage of the Khedive's favorite, and hang about the walls, and seek to corrupt thee with gold, Mohammed Mizraim?"

"But for thy word, to wait, the Khedive had been told long since, Saadat."

"It is the sport to strike when the sword cuts with the longest arm, O Son of Egypt!"

The face of Mizraim was ugly to see. "Is the time at hand, Effendi?"

"You hate Selamlik Pasha?"

"As the lion hates the jackal, Saadat."

Dicky would have laughed in scorn if he might have dared—this being to class himself with lions! But the time was not fit for laughter. "And the son of Selamlik Pasha, the vile Mustapha Bey?" he asked.

"I would grind him like corn between the stones! Hath he not sent messages by the women of the bazar to the harem of my royal master, to whom God give glory in Heaven!"

The gesture of cruelty he made was disgusting to the eyes of Dicky Donovan, but he had in his mind the peril to Sowerby, and he nodded his head in careless approval, as it were.

"Then, Mizraim, thou son of secrecy and keeper of the door, take heed to what I say, and for thine honor and my need do as I will. Thou shalt to-night admit Mustapha Bey to the palace—at the hour of nine o'clock!"

"Saadat!" The Eunuch's face was sickly in its terrified wonder.

"Even so. At nine."

"But, Saadat——"

"Bring him secretly; then have him seized and carried to a safe place till I send for him."

"Ah, Saadat——" The lean face of the creature smiled, and the smile was not nice to see.

"Let no harm be done him, but await my messenger, Mahommed Yeleb, and whatsoever he bids you to do, do it, for I speak."

"Ah, Saadat, Saadat, you would strike Selamlik Pasha so—the great beast, the black river pig, the serpent of the slime . . . !"

"You will do this thing, Mohammed Mizraim?"

"I shall lure him, Saadat, as the mirage the pilgrim. I will do this gladly, and a hundred times more."

"Even if I asked of thee the keys of the harem?" said Dicky grimly.

"Effendi, thou wouldst not ask. All the world knows thee. Thou goest not by dark ways to deeds for thine own self. Thou hast honor. Ismail himself would not fear thee."

"See, thou master of many, squeak not thy voice so high. Ismail will take thy head and mine if he discovers to-night's business. Go then with a soft tread, Mizraim. Let thy hand be quick on his mouth, and beware that no one sees!"

CHAPTER III

UPON the stroke of midnight Dicky entered the room where Selamlik Pasha awaited him with a malicious and greasy smile, in which wanton cruelty was uppermost. Selamlik Pasha knew well the object of this meeting. He had accurately interpreted the message brought by Mahommed Yeleb. He knew his power; he knew that the Englishman's life was in his hands to do with what he chose, for the law of the harem which defies all outside law was on his side. But here he was come to listen to Dicky Donovan, the arrogant little favorite of the Khedive, pleading for the life of the English boy who had done the thing for which the only penalty was death.

Dicky showed no emotion as he entered the room, but salaamed, and said: "Your Excellency is prompt. Honor and peace be upon Your Excellency!"

"The bounty of the stars be upon thee, Effendi!"

There was a slight pause, in which Dicky seated himself, lighted a cigarette and summoned a servant, of whom he ordered coffee. They did not speak meantime, but Dicky sat calmly, almost drowsily, smoking, and Selamlik Pasha sat with greasy hands clasping and unclasping, his yellow eyes fixed on Dicky with malevolent scrutiny.

When the coffee was brought, the door had been shut, and Dicky had drawn the curtain across, Selamlik Pasha said: "What great affair brings us together here, Effendi?"

"The matter of the Englishman you hold a prisoner, Excellency."

"It is painful, but he is dead, Effendi," said the Pasha with a grimace of cruelty.

Dicky's eyes twitched slightly, but he answered with coolness, thrusting his elbow into the cushions and smoking hard: "But, no, he is not dead. Selamlik Pasha has as great an instinct for a bargain as for revenge. Also, Selamlik Pasha would torture before he kills. Is it not so?"

"What is your wish, Effendi?"

"That the man be set free, Excellency."

"He has trespassed. He has stolen his way into the harem. The infidel dog has defiled the house of my wives."

"He wishes to marry the woman, with your permission, Excellency. He loves her."

"He shall die—the dog of an infidel!"

Dicky was now satisfied that Sowerby was alive, and that the game was fairly begun. He moved slowly toward his purpose.

"I ask his life as a favor to me. The Khedive honors me, and I can serve you betimes, Excellency."

"You called me 'Trousers,' and all Egypt laughed," answered the Pasha malignantly.

"I might have called you worse, but I did not. You may call me what you will—I will laugh."

"I will call you a fool for bringing me here to laugh at you, who now would kiss Selamlik Pasha's shoe. I would he were your brother! I would tear out his finger-nails, pierce his eyes, burn him with hot irons, pour boiling oil over him and red cinders down his throat—if he were your brother."

"Remember, I am in the confidence of the Khedive, Pasha," persisted Dicky.

"Ismail! What dare he do? Every Egyptian in the land would call him infidel. Ismail would dare do nothing." His voice was angrily guttural with triumph.

"England will ask the price of the young man's life of you, Excellency."

"England dare not move. Is thy servant a fool? Every Mohammedan in the land would raise the green flag—the Jehad would be upon ye!"

Then Dicky began again:

"He is so young a man! He meant no ill. The face of your daughter drew him on. He did not realize his crime—nor its penalty."

"It is a fool's reasoning. Because he was a stranger and an infidel, so has he been told of dark things done to those who desecrate our religion."

"Had he been an Egyptian or a Turk——"

"I would slay him, were he Ismail himself. Mine own is mine own, as Mahomet hath said. The man shall die—and who shall save him? Not even the Sultan himself."

"There are concessions in the Fayoum; you have sought them long."

"Bah!"

"There is the Grand Cordon of the Mejidieh; there is a way to it, Excellency."

"The man's blood!"

"There is a high office to be vacant soon, near to the person of the Khedive, with divers moneys and loans——"

"To see Donovan Pasha cringe and beg is better."

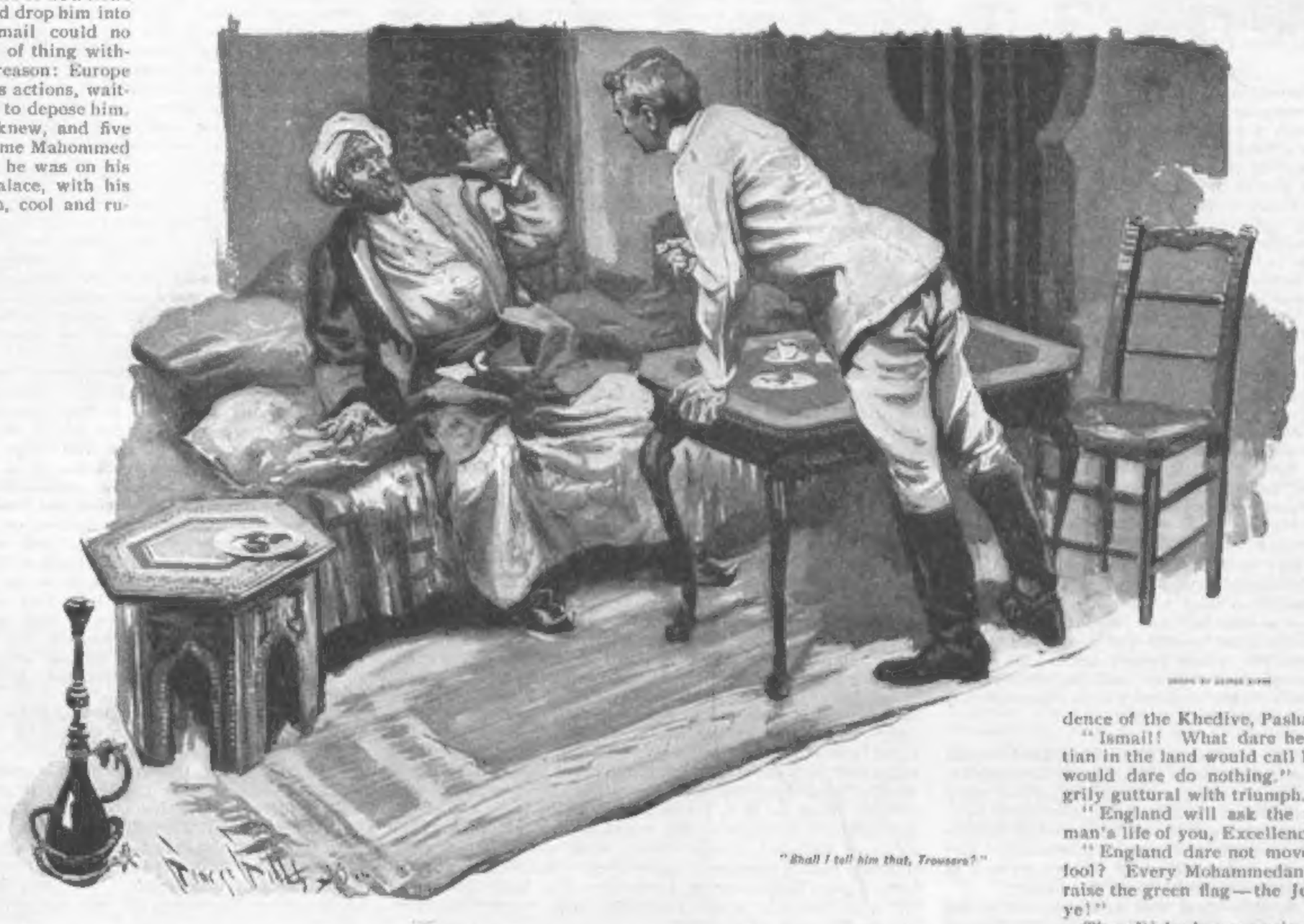
"There is that mercy which one day you may have to ask for yourself or for your own——"

"The fool shall die. And who shall save him?"

"Well, I will save him," said Dicky, rising to his feet.

"Pish! Go to the Khedive with the tale, and I will kill the man within the hour, and tell it abroad, and we shall see where Donovan Pasha will stand to-morrow! The Khedive is not stronger than his people—and there are the French, and others!" He spat upon the floor at Dicky's feet. "Go, tell the Khedive what you will, dog of an Englishman, son of a dog with a dog's heart!"

Dicky took a step forward with an ominous flash of color in his cheek. There was a table between him and Selamlik Pasha. He put both hands upon it, and leaning over said in a voice of steel:



"Shall I tell him that, Trousers?"

(Concluded on Page 23 of This Number)

Women *in* English Political Life

By Lady Jeune

THERE is no period in the history of the world when women have not played their part in a way which has given them both a power and position impossible to underrate. Women's influence and its effects have changed with the times and way of life, but the women of chivalry—the women who took part in the great religious and political crises of the world—were as powerful as their sisters of today, though in a different direction.

The influence of women in the past was, and it still is, an emotional one, but it is losing that characteristic and becoming more of an intellectual kind. The education of women, and their participation in so many of the interests and professions of men, has altered their position in so far that they are now recognized as a material power, whereas formerly the sentiment of romance and poetry with which they were invested gave them a position which, romantic and ideal as it was, made them useless as workers or participators in the battle of life. The sterner sex, however, has realized and learned that women can be, and are, as practical as men; and now that experience and opinion have given women the position they at present hold they have rapidly become a power impossible to ignore, and very important to conciliate; and nowhere has the influence of women begun to be more recognized than in political life.

The majority of women have no desire for the publicity of public life, nor do they want rights; they are content with their wrongs, and the consideration which is always shown to their sex is something they neither despise nor feel ashamed of. The new woman has been an ephemeral appearance, and as she has occupied herself with social abuses and problems she has been left to beat herself against the strong waves of the question of sex difference, and has left her more sensible sisters to carry on the work they have espoused and in which they play no inconsiderable part.

The Duchess of Devonshire's Campaigns

The traditional English political woman was Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who in the early days of English party strife occupied a most prominent position as the wife of the Duke of Devonshire, the head of the great Whig house of Cavendish. Her beauty, her wit, her charm are matters of history, as well as the irresistible means she employed to secure victory.

We are less keen in these days, and kisses are not of the same political value as were those of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. The wives and women of the great political parties in England—the Cavendishes, Fitz Williams, Vanes, Greys on the Whig side, and the Stanleys, Lowthers, Egertons, Somersets, Cecils on the Tory side—all threw themselves into the political arena with the keenness and energy which women always show when rivalry such as this is aroused, and they drove about the country at election times dressed in the colors of the party to which they belonged, their horses and equipages decked likewise, and strove in every way to gain votes.

In England the influence of women was exercised in this direction much more than by social artifices, which were considered more a French device of gaining political influence; for the *salon*, where all the greater political intrigues took place, was never elevated into an English institution, and has always been more or less of an exotic nature in this country. In the early days of the Reform agitation in England, some of the great Whig ladies sought to bring influence to bear by means of social bribes, and if for a time they were successful, the lowering of the franchise removed the scene of operations from the drawing-room to the floor of the House of Commons, as the power gradually gravitated from the "classes to the masses." Lady Jersey, Lady Sandwich, Lady Ashburton, Lady Cowper were some of the *grandes dames* who wielded political power, but the government was still in the hands of the two aristocratic factions, and they had very little part in bringing about the political changes which have swept across England since the Reform Bill.

Lady Palmerston's Invitations

The first English woman in the last fifty years whose influence was a great political power was Lady Palmerston, a Whig of Whigs, the daughter of Lord Melbourne, and the wife of one of the most powerful and popular Prime Ministers of England. Lady Palmerston was the keenest of politicians and the most devoted of wives, and in her day—before the great plutocracy which has invaded and destroyed English society came into existence—her social power was a real fact. Then, when political parties and majorities were smaller, an invitation from the wife of the Prime Minister was a great honor—one very sparingly given, hardly ever asked for—and an acceptance of such an invitation by a political waverer meant his vote and support. There were well-known occasions when Lady Palmerston's hospitable and gracious reception of an exceptional guest was the sign of a complete surrender on his part.

Her invitations were never wasted, and she received the Whig and Liberal party only; very few Tories went to her, and an advanced Radical only found himself inside her portals with the uncomfortable foreboding that by being there he was surrendering his political conscience.

Lady Palmerston's parties were very smart, in the sense that they were not cosmopolitan; but as the Whigs and Liberals in her days had succeeded in capturing all the ability of the country, as well as the intelligent youth and the ambitious mercantile representatives, her *salon* was a very entertaining one, and her political opponents, Lady Derby and Lady Malmesbury, were of a much less enterprising description. The death of Lord Palmerston and the disappearance of Lady Palmerston from society made a great blank in the party, and though Lady William Russell (the mother of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Ampthill) and Lady Waldegrave followed in her footsteps, the charm of her influence had gone, and no one could ever revive it.

The Passing of the Old Salon

Lady Waldegrave was the founder of the new political *salon* of the end of the nineteenth century, for whereas Lady Palmerston opened her doors warily, Lady Waldegrave opened hers to every one. She was a woman of great gifts and ability, added to great beauty and a kindness of heart and sincerity which, in many ways, made her one of the remarkable women of the day. A Jewess by birth, she had all the tenacity and courage of her race; ambitious for her husband, and a very keen party woman, she used all her abilities for the advancement of her political friends. She cared nothing for her guest's politics; any one who was remarkable was welcomed by her, and artists, musicians, politicians, writers, dramatists, actors, etc., found a warm welcome in Carlton House Terrace, or at her delightful home near Twickenham, the Strawberry Hill of Horace Walpole. There the Home Rule party made its bow to society; and Lord Beaconsfield, John Bright, Cobden, Gladstone, Horsman and John Manners, all the leaders of both parties, met on the debatable ground of which she was the presiding genius. Her death made one of the largest gaps in her party, and there was no one to take her place, for it needed her many-sided nature to carry on her work, and so with her disappeared the last real attempt at anything like a political centre at which every one found something interesting and sympathetic.

Another reason for the disappearance of the exclusive and partizan *salon* is also to be found in the fact that the whole centre of political power had changed, and the new proletariat were too numerous and powerful to be attracted or influenced by such ephemeral temptations. Mrs. Gladstone, who for many years should have wielded great social power, neither cared for such preeminence nor had she any of the qualifications such leadership would require, and none of the wives of the other Liberal leaders made any serious attempt to attain such a position. Lady Sherbrooke, Mrs. Cardwell, Lady Ripon, Lady Spencer, Lady Granville, Lady Kimberley left it all serenely alone; Lady Rosebery, during her short life as the wife of a Whig statesman, was a very kind, hospitable and pleasant hostess, and her descent, like that of Lady Waldegrave, gave her many of the qualities which insure political success, but her early death left a blank which no one has ever filled, and the only great Whig house left to the Liberal party was virtually closed to it by the severance of the Duke of Devonshire's connection with them.

Again the House of Cavendish

The most natural successor to Lady Salisbury as a social leader is the Duchess of Devonshire, and, like her political predecessor and namesake, she is a remarkable woman. No longer young, she still retains the remains of a beauty which in its time was very great, and she is one of the ablest and most remarkable women of her day. She has made her husband what he is politically by her unbounded energy and perseverance for him, and though in her early married life as Duchess of Manchester she had little or no interest in politics, she has, as the wife of an English Cabinet Minister, thrown herself heart and soul into everything connected with his work and career. She has the cheeriest and kindest nature in the world—a woman who is never ill-natured.

Lady Derby is another of the leaders of Conservative life here, and as the daughter of Lord Clarendon, one of the ablest and wittiest of Foreign Secretaries, she has inherited much of his charm of manner and cleverness. Miss Balfour, who keeps house for Mr. Balfour, cares little for the rôle of a political woman, and she adopts that character only when acting as hostess for her brother.

American Women of Political Note

It is a curious coincidence that the wives of three of the leading English politicians of the last twenty years should be Americans, and two of them, as has been said by a very astute political leader, have done much to foster and strengthen the friendship between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. Lady Harcourt and Mrs. Chamberlain, though they have been their husband's comrades and friends in the best sense of the word, have kept themselves aloof from the hurly-burly of politics. Lady Harcourt has lived so long amongst us, first as the daughter of her father when Mr. Motley was Minister in London, and since then as so warm a friend of the country of her adoption, that we have come to regard her as almost an English woman, and we can pay her no greater compliment. Mrs. Chamberlain we still, and always shall, regard as the embodiment of all that is delightful in American womankind, and the best representative of her Puritan ancestors. Always with her husband, either at home, on the platform, or in the gallery of the House of Commons, she has invested her political life with a charm and a sentiment that are quite unique, and while keenly interested in every question, she has never vulgarized her political ideals, or descended to the lower arena into which some English women degrade their political sympathies. The early death of Lord Randolph Churchill while on the threshold of the highest political position in this country deprived Lady Randolph of the position which she must eventually have occupied, for she at one moment seemed bound to become the wife of the future Prime Minister of England. Never was the promise of a life so blighted as his, and the malady which so insidiously undermined his life was one of the most unerring and fatal.

The influence of American women on English society is one which grows no weaker, and women like Mrs. Chamberlain and Lady Harcourt soften the excrescences and peculiarities which often strike us as un-English. There is no doubt, however, of one fact, that very few American women take the extreme view of their province in political life that the advanced women of the Radical school in England take, and when we talk of American influence and American opinions we find them tame in comparison.

The Yellow Badge of the Primrose

Any article which deals with the political influence of women in England would be incomplete without some mention of the great female organization which is the great bulwark and support of the Conservative party. No one quite knows what was the origin of the great Tory Premier's love of the little yellow flower to which the Primrose League owes its birth. There are many stories; one is that on the wreath of primroses sent by the Queen to be placed on Lord Beaconsfield's tomb were written the words, in her own writing, "His favorite

They drove about the country at election times

flower," but whether she intended to convey the idea that it was Lord Beaconsfield or the Prince Consort to whom she alluded no one has ever fathomed.

However that may be, the words gave birth to the idea that such a symbol would prove to be of incalculable value, and under the wise direction of Lord Randolph Churchill, who saw the power of such a sentiment, the organization was started, and it now numbers millions of members, and is one of the greatest political powers in England. The idea of bringing all classes together in social intercourse was the secret of its success, and as it yearly grows in numbers and spreads its habitations all over the country and the Empire the Liberal party have realized how valuable such a combination is, and have struggled vainly for a flower and a cry.

The work that the Primrose dames carry out during elections and at times of political agitation in England is extraordinary. They canvass and speak, they cajole, threaten and coax the electors, they are met, canvass-book in hand, making house-to-house visitations, and during the polling they patiently take their orders and go to fetch voters to the polls, and do their day's work as well as the best man among them.

The Stronghold and Mainstay of the League

Election after election which looked hopeless has been won by their untiring energy and devotion, and no one now ever enters on an electoral campaign without the aid of the Primrose League. The dames of the Primrose League do not rely on adventitious aids such as youth or personal attractions. There are many young and pretty women among its members, recruited as it is from every rank of English society, but there are many dames who are old and ugly, and their services are as valuable, if not more so, than those of the beauties among them, for what they lack in outward charm they make up for by untiring activity. In the large centres of population it is not difficult to find workers, or arouse enthusiasm, for political enthusiasm is infectious and spreads through every class, but in the country, in isolated districts, and with an ignorant population, the task is not so easy, and it is in the country districts that the Primrose League has built up its strongest political structure.

One great result of the work of the League has been the development of public speaking among women. Forty years ago—nay, twenty years ago—a woman who mounted a platform and spoke on public matters was viewed with suspicion and disfavor; it was unwomanly, unsexing. Now some of our best political speakers are women, and their powers of oratory, their energy and activity are invaluable. When women speak they generally speak well. Natural timidity keeps a woman silent, and so only those who have the gift of oratory are courageous enough to begin, and the earnestness with which they plead the cause of what is near to the heart of every Englishwoman is almost irresistible. The love of country, of Queen, religion, home all find an outlet during times of political crises, but temperately, for English women, taken as a class, keep their heads and remain calm in moments of great national excitement.

The political changes which have affected women so largely during the past quarter of a century have altered their lives, but they have not really affected their character and temperament one bit, for nature is stronger than any environment. Though truly alive to their political and imperial power, their happiness and their career in life must always be in their homes.

—the officer sprang quickly to his feet and stood at salute

DOVE-COTE DAYS

By General Charles King

THERE was excitement extraordinary one still, starlit January night, soft, warm and sensuous, and all the placid suburb of Ermita, south of the old walled city of Manila was aroused and in commotion. Somewhere toward two o'clock in the morning the sentries on the edge of the Luneta and a patrol scouting through the narrow, dusty streets had been startled by a woman's scream, fearful in its terror and intensity. Instantly there went up a yell from three or four lusty throats, "*Corp'r'l* the Guard Number Three!" "Copple the Guard Number Seven!" as the sentries, forbidden to leave their posts, gave hurried alarm. But the patrol on the Calle Marina and the corporal of the guard at the guard-house gates, hampered by no such instructions, ran like the wind to the Calle San José whence came the sound, and brought up standing at the barred gateway of the quarters occupied by Lieutenant Barriger, of the Artillery.

Already doors were opening and heads peering forth from the windows of the native houses across the way, but here at Barriger's all was silent. Yet the sentry at the corner could have sworn the scream came from within those walls. In two minutes the officer of the guard from the Calle Real, and the officer of the day, who was making the rounds down toward the English Club, came hurrying to the spot and demanded explanation. "Why didn't Lieutenant Barriger show himself?" was the latter's breathless question.

"He's on night duty over at the Calle Nozaleda," responded young Hunter, Lieutenant commanding the guard. "That's what worries me. The ladies are alone."

And just then the "jalousie" blinds of the overhanging gallery slid softly aside, and a woman's voice, sweet and controlled, despite the tremor of some powerful excitement, was heard to say: "There is no occasion for further alarm. My sister has been badly frightened. Is Mr. Hunter there? Ah, yes—Mr. Hunter, if you can get word to Mr. Barriger to come to us as soon as possible I will thank you very much."

"Can we be of no service, Miss Ferris?" inquired the hard-breathing, portly officer of the day.

"Thank you, Captain. I fear it's too late. But you might send a few men around and search the garden at the back. Somebody has been in here."

And that is all that was told that night, or for two days afterward, except that the Diario de Manila and both Freedom and America came out with advertisements in Spanish and English somewhat as follows:

> "STOLEN—From the quarters of Lieutenant Barriger, Ermita, on Thursday night, money, jewelry and a Russia leather case containing letters and papers. $200, Mex., will be paid for the safe return of the missing case with contents, *and no questions asked.*"

"Now what the dickens," was the question all over the quarters of the Eighth Corps in and about Manila—"what the dickens did Barriger mean by leaving valuable papers anywhere outside of a burglar-proof safe in such a sneak-thief centre as this?"

Only one man could answer that question—or possibly two: the Lieutenant himself, or else the comrade who of late had been his almost daily associate, Captain Adair, of the —th Cavalry.

Sam Barriger had been married just six weeks when the war broke out and he was ordered to Manila. It was a sore blow to pretty Kitty Ferris, his bride. They had been engaged half a year with the knowledge and consent of the elders, and twice as long without. They had met when he was serving at the Presidio the winter of '95–6—he coming in for frequent dinners and she coming out as a débutante.

Most girls in her set in San Francisco were tall and willowy; Kitty was willowy, but not tall. She was a mite and a darling, the joy of her parents and the idol of her elder sister, Constance. The Ferrises were well-to-do, had ambitious projects for both daughters and were doomed to disappointment. Constance had been betrothed to a man of mature years and big returns from his profession, but something happened to kill her respect for him and she summarily snapped the tie and declared the engagement ended. It was something in some way connected with a previous entanglement. The barrister was an eloquent pleader and he had an earnest advocate in the person of Mrs. Ferris, but they talked to stone.

The counselor took his leave and a trip to Europe. The mother took it out of her daughter by denouncing her daily for a week as heartless, undutiful and absurd. Then paterfamilias called a halt. He and the lawyer were friends and fellow-members of a well-known club. He had fathered the suit, but down in the depths of his better nature he knew of a man as honest as herself—if she could find one. And when he saw her white face as she came forth from one of those daily upbraidings he envied the man who could accomplish the apparently impossible feat of kicking himself down stairs. He shrank from her in shame, then went in to his wife, told her Constance was right and they were wrong and that must be the end of it. The girl should make her own choice next time, and meanwhile might the Lord forgive him for having brought her such annoy!

But though suitors came, Constance seemed to shrink farther and farther into her shell. Were all men like her former betrothed? seemed to be the question uppermost in her mind. She continued in society, but her heart wrapped itself about little Kitty, and when that child "came out," great was the pride and rejoicing. The mother took heart again. If Con persisted in being an old maid, here at least was a daughter who could be relied on to make a brilliant match.

There were giants in those days in the way of "catches"—young gentlemen of fortune and family connection, and Mamma Ferris had set her cap for one of these, a near neighbor, a charming fellow, the only son of his mother, and she thought him well on the way to permanent ensnarement when what did he do but bring Sam Barriger, his friend from the Presidio, to call. Then he gave theatre parties to both girls, chaperoned sometimes by his mother, sometimes by theirs, but attended always by Sam, and this made Mrs. Ferris rabid. Their host was not handsome, whereas Sam was—extremely so; and to the mischievous delight of social circles and the wrath of the mother, Miss Kit ingenuously displayed a growing joy in Barriger's presence and was obviously and radiantly happy when dancing with him. It was a famous light battery that gave those dashing drills once a week for the benefit of admiring and applauding hundreds from town, and Sam Barriger's horsemanship was as good as his dancing. His voice had a clarion ring to it, and in the dash and dust and smoke of mimic battle he rode and moved a hero fit to grace the pages of Scott, and Kitty Ferris was not the only girl in 'Frisco to be moved by the sight. This precipitated matters—but I should like to tell that story another time, or rather read it as it could be told by another fellow. There is only room for the main issue.

Now a word as to Barriger. He was a far better fellow than would appear from what has thus far been said of him. He was a gentleman and a soldier—a gentleman so poor in pocket that he denied himself both tipple and tobacco in order that he might never owe any man a penny—might even occasionally repay the lavish hospitality accorded him. He was a soldier so fine, so enthusiastic that he loved every detail of his duty and did it up to the handle, to the end that among his fellows of the allied arms of the service he had won the sobriquet of Battery Sam. He had his faults, or he wouldn't have been human. Some of them will not appear in this story and therefore need not be mentioned.

One of them came near turning it topsy-turvy, and that was almost indomitable pride. He fell frankly, honestly in love with Kitty Ferris before he had known her a week. Then something her mother said gave him a setback that made the little maiden sick at heart. He went off on a month's leave, exploring the Yosemite at the very moment she had reason to expect him to remain at her side, and womanfully did she make him feel it when he returned and found her absorbed, apparently, in the devotions of half a dozen other fellows. It was about this time the other girl episode occurred. Sam and Kitty, with hearts close knit, in spite of brave show to the contrary, were slowly drifting apart, and a certain Miss Caxton appeared about ready to receive congratulations, and as much as said so to Kitty, who returned the stab on the spot, with smiling interest, like the plucky little woman she was at bottom, and then in the dead hours of the night deluged her pillow with tears and was caught in the act by Constance.

There was a double theatre party and subsequent supper at the Bohemian Club two nights later to which Miss Caxton did not happen to be bidden, but there, among others, was Barriger, and there was Constance Ferris, between whom occurred a ten-minute talk, unheard of others, late in the evening, and from that night dates Sam Barriger's enthusiastic, chivalric admiration for his sister-in-law. "She is the best and noblest woman that ever lived," said he, some time later, "and the dearest—except one."

It wasn't a happy courtship. Both parents "kicked" vehemently at the idea of Kit's marrying in the army. I don't much blame them, despite my belief that army women, as a rule, are the happiest in the world. For six months they wouldn't listen to it and forbade Sam the house. Then they offered to admit him on probation, so to speak, and he wouldn't come. Then Ferris, with a sigh, said if Mr. Barriger would resign and go into business in San Francisco he would consider it. Mr. Barriger replied that his profession had long since been chosen and he preferred it to anything else, stock brokerage especially. Meantime they tried the moth-eaten device of a trip abroad—Kit, Constance and her mother—and that didn't work. Finally Ferris gave in and at the last moment his spouse followed suit. The wedding was beautiful, the honeymoon blissful—and then came the war.

It must be admitted that little Mrs. Barriger did not behave like a heroine when Sam was ordered across the seas. She considered him a bit of personal property and contested the claim of his Uncle Sam. Ferris wired to a Senator or two, and the tender of a captaincy in the subsistence department (of the volunteers) came flashing back, only to be promptly declined. He was going with his guns. Ferris at first called him an ungrateful cub, but was out on the street waving his hat and shouting with the rest of San Francisco when Anderson's—the first expedition—marched down to the ships, and there at the wharf he reached up and whacked his tall son-in-law between the shoulder blades and stammered something to the effect that he was proud of him and of his going, and of Kit for sticking to him.

Manila fell in August. The flag went up on the Ayuntamiento and prices on the Escolta. And along in the autumn, to the consternation of the Commanding General, certain devoted army wives made their way to the Orient, and no sooner was it known that the venturesome half dozen were actually there than half a hundred others were inspired with like ambition. Peace for a season bade the world farewell as far as the Commanding General and the Quartermaster's department were concerned, for the number of women with missions to Manila outnumbered the staterooms on the transports, and, to put an end to importunity, out came the order that none would be taken. This barred women who couldn't afford the journey at their own expense, but was no hindrance to Mrs. Barriger. She and Constance

had been to Honolulu on the Doric—'twas but a fortnight farther to Hongkong; Constance was of years that made her mistress of her own means and meanderings; Kit was determined to join her husband; Lawyer Burton had returned to his practice and showed symptoms of returning to his devotions, and so it happened that, late in September, when the O. & O. liner shoved off for Shanghai, Hongkong and intermediate ports, the sisters sailed for the China Sea as special charges of her gallant Captain, and a month later were steaming into the mouth of the swirling Pasig.

Now, at the edge of the Ermita suburb, close by the cooling sea, Sam Barriger had found a nest for his birdlings and, aided by the sympathetic hands of a big-hearted army woman, had it all in readiness when the steamer was sighted. It was a cozy little box, built after the Philippine fashion of solid stone on the ground floor, solid wood on the floorings above and below, but of light, airy framework—lattice, bamboo and shell—as to superstructure. Tough enough it was to resist tornado, yet sufficiently elastic to give and swing and sway in case of earthquake, and, if it had to come down, not so heavy as to smash everything on which it might descend.

"Will you trust yourself to me—alone?"

It was owned by a native merchant, glad enough to take American coin in preference to Manila currency. Its front wall abutted on the narrow sidewalk, on which front doors and windows, after the jealous Oriental mode, were heavily barred with iron. Its rear elevation gave upon a pretty garden bounded north and south by high walls of hewn stone, capped by jagged glass set in cement. Westward through the high, vertical iron pickets of a forbidding fence shone the sparkling bay, which at high tide bathed the sea-wall in briny foam. East and west a broad latticed gallery or vestibule overhung the lower story. The spiral stairway from the ground floor opened on the breezy *salon* off which were the bedrooms on one side, the dining and spare room on the other. The kitchen was in a little detached structure connected with the gallery and dining-room by a light, bamboo bridge. The servants' quarters were below. It was furnished simply and sufficiently after the Oriental fashion, with broad, cane-bottom bedsteads, with deep, easy lounging chairs and settees of bamboo and cane. It was destitute of carpets, *portières* or heavy curtains. It lacked electric lights and marbled bathrooms, but a fountain plashed perennially in a broad basin in the garden. The north and south windows looked out on luxuriant foliage and brilliant flowers. A few paintings by native hands—no mean limners they—adorned the walls. The chandeliers and sconces shone like polished silver, and Captain Adair, dropping in in his friendly way to see how Barriger was settled, gazed approvingly and then semi-satirically dubbed the place the "Dove-Cote."

"There's only one thing about it I don't like, Barriger," said he, after a leisurely survey, "and that's your neighbors. Native houses on every side of you but that;" and he pointed out over the broad bosom of the bay, dotted with warships, tramps and transports, and all glistening in the declining sun.

"What's the matter with the natives?" said Sam. "They seem amicable enough, in all conscience. Six women were here this morning to bid for the family wash. How quick they knew womenfolk were coming!"

"How quick they know everything!" said Adair, knocking the ash off his cigarette and strolling to the lattice at the front. A shove with his powerful hand sent the high frame sliding easily back in its groove, and it opened on the narrow street and opposite houses barely forty feet away.

Seated in a somewhat similar gallery, heedless of the glare of the slanting sun, was a native woman with two men, one of the latter in the uniform of an officer of the Insurgent Army. All three glanced up at sound of the sliding lattice, and at sight of Adair the officer sprang quickly to his feet and stood at salute. Grimly the Captain responded, then turned to his Junior.

"I only wish you were near your battery or our barracks, or even in town, close to the river, where they could get out to the transports. When the row begins it will be all of a sudden and there's no refuge near you."

"It was the best I could do," answered Barriger, an anxious cloud on his fine face, "and they seem confident at headquarters no row is coming."

"Yes, that's what they give out, but they're not so confident that we don't get scare orders and warnings thrice a week. Now, what's that fellow Medina doing yonder? You know who he is, don't you?"

"I don't," answered Barriger. "I've met him a few times on the street and he's monstrous polite."

"He was with Plo del Pilar, all the same, the day the Fourteenth came so near a clash with the Tagals over at the Paco cigar factory. He is as smooth a scamp as ever I met. He can lie in three languages and tell the truth in none. He belongs out at San Pedro Macati but spends most of his time picking up news in town. Keep an eye on him, Sam."

And Medina—Ysidro Medina—was in that opposite gallery when, a few days later, happy Kitty Barriger threw back the lattice to breathe the morning air, and with his hand on his heart he made her a low bow. The girl-wife was delighted with her quaint and pretty nest. She missed the luxuriant flowers and luscious fruits of her California home. She found the Manila market but a sparse and inadequate means of varying their daily fare, but her Filipino *chef*, with his high-bred, Spanish manner, his high-combed "Pompadour" front, his immaculate white *ropas*, knew how to levy on the native fishermen as they paddled swiftly by in their sharp-bowed *bancas*. He had the run of neighboring poultry yards. His fish breakfasts and curried chicken lunches, his rich coffee and delicate, Japan-brewed tea, all appealed to her dainty palate and won her sister's smiling approval. As for Sam, he had the appetite of a strong, stalwart, healthful man, and sole leather might not have proved indigestible in such surroundings. Before they had been housekeeping a week the sisters had received the visits of a swarm of soldier wives and daughters, and at least a score of officials had found time to call. Some of them, notably Sam's battery associates, more than once; one of them, not of Sam's battery, but of the troopers away over at the Marcelino (to their intense interest and amusement, by the way, for he had been regarded a confirmed old bachelor) no less than thrice—and that was Captain Adair. But then, despite ten years' difference in their ages, he had somehow become Barriger's closest friend.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sam one beautiful evening after their arrival, as the quartette left the dinner-table and strolled out to the rear gallery to watch the brilliant night lights of the fleet, "I thought we should have trouble about servants, but they are admirably trained. Manuel is a capital cook, and *so* respectful and willing. Ypolito is deft and quick, and so noiseless, you know. Why, I never seem to hear him moving around, and as for Carmencita, his little dot of a wife, she's the neatest, cleanest, daintiest little mite you ever saw, always smiling and busy, and she, too—why, she's just like a mouse!"

"Ye—es, I noticed it," responded Adair, glancing over his shoulder at Manuel approaching with tiny cups of coffee on a lacquered tray. "That is one reason why I advocated the strong box."

Here laughing voices and swishing skirts were heard upon the stairs, and while Mrs. Barriger arose to receive her guests, Adair seized the opportunity to secure a place by Miss Ferris' side. Talk was general for half an hour. It was after the Brents had gone, and Adair knew it was time for him to be moving, that Constance Ferris looked up into his earnest eyes and said:

"Captain Adair, I have heard you speak twice now of the possibility of treachery or theft on the part of the servants. Tell me why."

"It is born in them, to begin with, Miss Ferris," said he, "and developed by three centuries of Latin rule. Valuables should be in the paymaster's big safe up in town—not here. You, I notice—pardon me—wear very little jewelry, but Mrs. Barriger's rings—now——" And the look in the direction of those tiny white hands on which were flashing gems of price and beauty was eloquent with anxiety.

And so it happened that a genial Colonel at the Ayuntamiento became custodian of certain valuables of the Barriger household. Kitty would not part with her pretty watch, her locket with Sam's picture therein that almost always slept at her snowy neck, and then household money they had to have. But a month went by without their missing a stiver or seeing a sign of dishonesty, and then Kitty said "Pshaw!" and drove to the paymaster's and got her packet. There was to be a reception and dance at the Division Commander's and she needed those diamonds.

That night as Adair strolled slowly back to barracks after a visit of more than usual length he came suddenly upon Captain Ysidro Medina, of Pilar's staff, at the corner of the Padre Faura, and but gruffly responded to his elaborate "*Buenas noches, Caballero.*" He never had fancied Medina, and he had grown to abhor him since the Tagal officer had taken to frequent visits at the opposite house and impressive salutations to the sisters whenever they appeared on the front gallery. "What the devil is that fellow waiting here for at this time of night?" growled Adair, as he turned to the left. A mellow-toned bell was chiming ten o'clock from the tower of the old Spanish church the block above. It was answered from the cupola of the Jesuit College and by the soft, prolonged notes of the cavalry trumpet sounding taps across the open fields beyond the observatory. Then behind him came a sentry's challenge, sharp and imperative, "Halt! Who is there?" And, whirling about, supposing himself the object, Adair caught sight of the blue-shirted regular with leveled bayonet, facing a figure in native white—a figure that in a strangely familiar voice squeaked the tremulous answer:

"*Amigo Filipino.*"

It was Ypolito!

And yet, when Adair left the Barrigers not ten minutes before, Ypolito, the urbane, the incomparable, Mrs. Kitty's boast, in fact, was thought to be sound asleep in his own little den underneath the *salon*. He had issued from a narrow passage between some native houses leading to the sidewalk of the Calle Faura, believing, doubtless, that the coast was clear, but had encountered the leveled bayonet at the corner of the Calle Marina. He was all of a tremble and at sight of Adair began to plead. "*Mi hermano! muy malo, Señor, muy malo!*" A sick brother is something a Tagal can trump up at an instant's notice. Adair doubted, but what could he do? The corporal came and said, "Let him go." The orders were to treat the natives with every possible consideration and kindness, to salute their officers, to fraternize with their men. But Adair connected Captain Ysidro with Ypolito's prowling and went home dissatisfied.

"You'll have to watch those beggars of yours, Barriger," said he the next day. "And you'd better coax Mrs. Kitty to return those valuables to the safe."

But Kit wouldn't. Ypolito and his wife were saints and Ypolito's brother was really *very* ill; she was sure of it. Constance added her persuasion and was called cruel and suspicious. The little matron had a will of her own.

"I don't see how anything can be taken, Adair," said Barriger, finding his wife obdurate. "You know I am always home at night, and——"

"Yes, but will you always be?" queried Adair anxiously. "Things are getting squallier every day."

And so they were. The whole demeanor of the natives was changing. Their leaders, balked in their plan to compel the recognition of their government and control, had withdrawn to the north, had virtually penned up the Americans in Manila and forbidden their crossing the lines toward the surrounding villages, even while they themselves claimed the right to go within the lines at will. Their guns were planted commanding the American outposts. Their earthworks grew with every night. Their officers and soldiers repeatedly insulted and threatened our sentries, and it was evident that the clash was coming, and coming soon. Other officers had arranged at first alarm to send their households at once to the transports in the bay. But Barriger's house was a mile from the river landing and the water was so shallow in the rear of their sea-wall that no launch could land, or even venture within fifty feet of the beach. Everywhere the story was current that the attack from without would be accompanied by an uprising of the natives within. No wonder family men were anxious!

And then came a demand for Barriger's services at division headquarters. He spoke Spanish and was needed in the frequent clashes that occurred between the outposts out Santa Ana way. Thrice in one week he was sent to remonstrate with General Ricarti upon the aggressions of the Tagal officers and guards at Concordia Bridge. Thrice was Ricarti profuse in explanation and expressions of regret. "It shouldn't occur again," said he. Yet it did, night after night, and the Division General saw the inevitable and made his dispositions accordingly.

Ten weeks of bliss—ten weeks of "dove-cote days," as Adair called them—were followed by a fortnight of war alarms. Adair had become an almost daily visitor, welcomed with playful and ever-growing confidence by Kitty, and a certain sweet shyness and reserve by Constance. All the First Division knew by that time what took that stalwart dragoon so constantly to Barriger's, and now that the General had seized upon Sam and kept him so constantly on new and novel duties, Adair took it upon himself to plan for the protection of the inmates of the Cote. Out in the bay the Biltmore swung at anchor a mile to the west, Quaker-like in her leaden gray. Adair brought her executive and ward-room officers to call. This was magnanimous in him, for they kept coming, but it was all part of his plan. Lieutenant-Commander Sternsheets promised that the instant they got wind of trouble a boat should be sent close back of the Dove-Cote and Jacky should wade ashore and bear the doves to sea. Then Adair had further plans of his own. The Division General had issued in typewritten form confidential instructions to his brigade commanders and certain staff officers. It was but a puny force he had to defend so big a

territory against such a host of foes, but they were stout-hearted fellows, and so long as the insurgents did not fathom the plans and make counter dispositions there was little to dread

"You shall join your beloved battery if it comes to fighting," said the chief, with a smile, to Mr. Barriger. "But meantime I need you." And only Kitty rebelled at the distinction accorded him

One January evening when not a breath of air seemed stirring, after their daily drive and late dinner they were seated on the rear gallery watching the brilliant searchlights of the fleet and the varicolored signals twinkling across the moonlit bay. Kitty sat with her husband's hand in hers, looking up into his face and softly cooing, as became a dove of high degree. A few paces away, Constance reclined in her easy chair, with Adair bending eagerly toward her, yet saying little. The soft plash of the wavelets was almost the only sound to break upon the stillness of the night, and even they seemed to be saying only, "Hush! Hush!" in soothing monotone. Visitors came and went, and at last the ships' bells had tinkled in doublets the six silvery strokes that told 'twas eleven o'clock. Adair knew he should be going to barracks, yet lingered. Both officers were in khaki, for calls to arms had been frequent, and from the left breast-pocket of Barriger's coat protruded about one fourth the length of a Russia leather case, a flat pocketbook

"Can't you stow that inside?" Adair had asked. "These stiff legged ponies will jolt it out some dark night and you wouldn't like to lose that defense plan"

"I always button it inside when I buckle on my sword belt," said Barriger. "Then it can't work out. Besides, I know it all by heart, and can put every company just where it belongs. Let's see," and he began to tell them off 'First Brigade, First Battalion, Washingtons, from tobacco warehouse march to Paco Bridge. Second Battalion Bishop's Palace, cross bridge into East Paco, mass in churchyard. Third Battalion, with brigade commander, Block House 11. First Idaho, six companies, march to Paco Bridge, two companies Malate, local guards. Both batteries to Paco cemetery and await orders. Cavalry to maintain order in town. Mounted patrol through suburbs. Second Brigade, Fourteenth, at Singalon front. North Dakotas hold Malate front——'

"Well, that's all very well," said Adair. "What I'm thinking of is its falling into native hands. They can have it translated easy enough. Where do you keep it at night?"

"With my pistol under my pillow. Hullo! There's a fire!"

Springing to their feet and leaning out over the garden they could hear shouting to the southward and the rapid clang of a church bell, ringing after the American village fashion in rapid alarm. Sentries had by this time been forbidden to shoot—the customary garrison alarm—for the frail bamboo and nipa huts were forever taking fire, and hardly a night passed without a blaze somewhere about Manila. The rising glare showed it to be toward the Cuartel de Malate, and with hasty adieu Adair sprang down the steps to join his troop. In ten minutes the fire had practically burned itself out and in twenty all was still again. Before midnight the dove-cote was dark and silent: Barriger's little household had sought their pillows. An hour later came a clatter of hoofs and a banging at the barred doors below. Mr. Barriger was wanted at division headquarters at once. The orderly had brought a spare horse. Kit clung to him tearfully as he buckled on his revolver, and collapsed in her sister's arms when he galloped away. For half an hour they watched and listened on the front gallery, but even the snarling native dogs were still. The night was without a sound. At one o'clock Constance saw the little matron once more snugly stowed in bed and soon dozing off to sleep

Less than an hour later she was aroused by an awful, agonized, terrible scream. Springing from her own bed and seizing a pretty nickel-plated revolver, barefooted as she was, Constance darted through the darkness to Kitty's room. Striking a light, she found her sobbing and shivering by the bedside, her watch, her locket and one ring gone, also a little sum of money from the bureau drawer. All she could tell was that a stealthy tugging at her finger had suddenly aroused her. Then a hand had been spread over her mouth, and with one desperate effort she had hurled it off and screamed for help. A dark figure had bounded out of the side window. Then came Constance within and the rush of the guard without

Some of these latter were still searching about the premises when Barriger came galloping back full speed, threw himself from the saddle and rushed upstairs. One glance told him what had occurred. One glance told Constance there was something worse than they had yet discovered. He took his wife in his arms, but his eyes summoned her sister and his white lips framed the question: "That pocket-book—with the papers—is that safe?"

The Russia leather case was gone

One week later Ypolito, who, the night of the robbery, had been found by the searching guard to be placidly sleeping in his own particular dove-cote at the rear, announced with tears that his brother had succumbed to his long illness and was to be buried forthwith. He desired a day in which to pay his last homage, another in which to bedew his grave with tears. He would then return. Nothing could exceed the concern with which he and Manuel had heard the recital of that robbery. Nothing could exceed the zeal with which they had joined in the search. Little Carmencita was inconsolable. Captain Ysidro Medina called twice to present his fluent compliments and to tender his services—to place his [illegible] at the feet of the ladies, to pray them to be tranquil. The bosom of the Filipino heaved with abhorrence at the outrage to which they had been subjected, and never would he rest until he should discover the thief, recover the ravished gems and lay them, with the ears of the perpetrator—and again his heart of hearts—at the feet aforementioned

Ten days later, one lovely starlit February evening, on a sudden the bugles rang all over Manila and a crackling flame encompassed it round about. The storm had burst and Aguinaldo's army leaped to the assault of the thin, unsheltered lines in blue. With half his little force far extended on the fighting front, the American leader contested the ground from without. With the other half dispersed in small detachments over the wide area of the city and suburbs, he watched for the threatened uprising within. Along the river front launches, *cascos*, even slim, canoe-shaped *bancas*, were filled with pallid, silent women and children, the families of American and foreign residents, who were hurried out to the fleet of transports in the bay. But at half past ten, nearly an hour after the alarm had sounded, the sisters still clung to each other in the darkened dove-cote alone—just one American sentry on the pavement below to interpose between them and the rage of a thousand natives should the Tagals rise

Her scream of terror rang out on the night, accompanied by the instant bang of the revolver

Obedient to some signal from the flagship, just at sunset, the Biltmore had steamed away toward old Cavite. No rescuing boat appeared upon the face of the waters. Barriger had been summoned to his guns at four o'clock and was even now thundering away somewhere out on the threatened front. Adair, with his troop, had been scouting on the northern side ever since the previous day. Every man in Manila had his work cut out for him and the sisters were practically neglected. At half-past ten, as the sullen boom of the distant cannon told that it was no casual skirmish, but an attack in force, Kitty knelt, shivering, with her fair head pillowed in her sister's lap, while Constance, facing the door, sat with her finger on the trigger of Adair's Christmas present. And so she sat as through the darkness two white-robed forms stole noiselessly up the spiral stairs, and through the gloom the shadowy spectres came gliding over the polished hardwood floor until, not five yards away, the straining eyes of Constance made them out, and without a tremor in her tone she challenged, "Who is there?"

The answer was a laugh. The snap of a parlor match, the touch of the flame to a kerosene lamp, and there in the gloom, grinning, stood Manuel with gleaming knife in hand, while Ypolito, the saintly, the sorrow-stricken, with a grin upon his black face, advanced upon them, his blinking eyes fixed on Kitty's jeweled hands, his long, brown fingers clutching. Her scream of terror rang out on the night, accompanied by the instant bang of the revolver, a yell of dismay from within, a shout of alarm from without, then a rush and scurry of feet, a battering at the door below, a clattering up the stairs as of spurred heels, a dash to the window of flitting ghosts. All of a sudden the situation changed, and while two or three troopers hurled themselves through the rooms and over the sills in pursuit, Dave Adair, breathless but glowing, bounded forward

"You are safe? You are unharmed?" he cried. "Oh, thank God for that!"

And God's mercy it was that led him in the nick of time, not to the front entrance, which was heavily barred, but, with a launch borrowed from the captain of the port, to the shoal water at the rear. There was no time to lose. He and his men were needed at the front. The doors were unbarred. A brace of provost guardsmen hurried up from below to take charge of the premises, and then the sisters were led down through the gardens to the steps of the sea wall. There, fifty yards away, the night lights of the Ceres were dancing on the tide. Thither, "cat's cradled," two sturdy troopers splashing waist deep bore Kitty, still tremulous with fright, leaving Adair and Constance for the moment at the steps. Out on the Calle San José a cavalry trumpet sounded a sudden peal—a quick, imperative summons

"They are calling me, Constance," he murmured. "We are needed, and—I must. Quick! Will you trust yourself to me—alone?"

She was standing on the second step, he upon the strand. Her answer was to look down in his upturned face, then to place her white hand upon his shoulder. Instantly his left arm circled about her knees, his right arm about her waist, and swept her from her feet. The slender white hand stole about his neck, her head sank almost to his shoulder and without a word, but with his heart hammering in his breast he plunged into the sea. With long, sweeping strides he bore his precious burden deeper, deeper into the foaming waters. The little surges lapped his knees, his waist, and he raised her higher, drawing her yet closer to his breast lest the water should reach her feet. Ten paces from the dancing craft his troopers met him and sought to aid. "No, hurry to your horses! See I'll be there in a moment," were his impatient orders. And then for one blessed moment she was his—alone, and her lovely face, upturned lay so close, so close to his! The warm breath from her parted lips fanned his rough, unshaven cheek

With sudden impulse he bowed his head

"If it is the last word I ever say, Constance, I love you—I have loved you ever since you came," he murmured. "God grant I may say it again to-morrow!"

One instant of silence, then a tightening of the clasp about his neck, a murmur soft as that of the summer sea about them

"Amen—David

When the guns had done their work from Battery Knoll next day, and with bated breath Sam Barriger stood in the drifting smoke and watched the fierce rush of the brigade, he saw soon the stretcher bearers trudging back with their burdens, the sorely wounded, and marveled at their number. A staff officer came galloping over from the highway, a flat, red Russia pocket-case in his hand which he waved triumphantly aloft, then tossed to Sam

"Where was it?—where'd you find it?" was the eager question

"I didn't. It was Adair. He shot that fellow Medina, of Pilar's staff. *He* had it."

"You're entitled to two hundred dollars, Mex., and no questions asked, Adair," laughed Barriger, ten minutes later, grasping the extended hand of his comrade in both his own and looking up with shining eyes, "to say nothing of all I owe you for—last night. How'll you have it?"

Adair bent low in saddle, his own eyes kindling

"You might put it—in a wedding gift, Sam," he said.

The hand clasped tightly

"You're the luckiest man, and she's the best, the dearest woman that ever lived—except one

How Creelman Lost His Hat Brim

Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, was an assiduous attendant at the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia.

"Did I tell you about my father and Creelman?" he said at the close of one of the sessions. "No? Well, it was this way: My father has been here with me, and I've been busy pointing out to him all those men people read about—all the famous ones, you know—so father could feel, when he read his paper, that he was now getting his money's worth.

Well, he took them all in and yesterday we ran against James Creelman. I introduced father, and was surprised to see that he took it calmly, and just gave a very ordinary up and down hand-shake—this way.

I couldn't quite understand it. I expected to see him enthuse. Well, each of them seemed to get the idea that the other was a little hard of hearing—ground wires not well connected or something—and they got their heads close together and jumped in without any preliminary sparring—this way.

"Well, you know that way of Creelman's when he gets interested—jerks his head up and down as he talks—this way. Well, first thing I saw, the brim of his straw Fedora caught the brim of father's Derby and jammed it down over his face. That almost rattled father, but he straightened his hat and the talk went on. A little more, and an upward jolt caught under the Derby and tilted it clear off, but father caught it on the drop.

"Another man came up just then and father edged away, a little red in the face and breathing a trifle hard.

"'I say, Home, who is that man? Knocked my hat off twice!'

"'What! Didn't you know? That's James Creelman!'

"'Creelman!'

"'Yes, Creelman.'

"'Creelman, the correspondent and special commissioner through mobs?'

"'Yes, he's the one.'

"'Great Scott! And I was talking with Creelman and didn't know it?'

"I told him that was about the size of it, and father didn't say a word. He just pulled his hat down, 'way over his ears—tight and firm—this way. And then, with a determined look on his face, he waded in again."

Davenport paused a few moments, and a far-away look came into his eyes. Then he added:

"Well, Creelman just wore off the brim of that straw Fedora on father's Derby."

A Dooley in the Cabinet

Mr. Long, the Secretary of the Navy, gave the final Cabinet dinner of the season on board the yacht Sylph. It was Mr. Long who thought of the idea of giving this official function aboard a luxurious boat on the Potomac. He is always individual and never does what other people do. His dislike of the formalities of society is well known, and friends wondered how he would get around such a formal occasion as a Cabinet dinner.

The Secretary of the Navy announces that his very position compels him to entertain on water instead of land, and every member of the Cabinet confesses that no dinner is looked forward to with such anticipation as that given by Mr. Long.

The environment forbids the possibility of formality. The host always gives the President's official family a mental *piece de resistance* at these dinners. "What's Long going to do, I wonder?" is the social question that interests the Cabinet for weeks before the evening arrives. And at this last dinner he certainly gave them as delightful a surprise as they could have looked for.

It was in the form of a Dooley letter read aloud by Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. McKinley has long been in the habit of reading to the Cabinet Mr. Dooley's weekly letter on some issue of national politics, when the serious questions of state are over and the official family settles back for a little friendly talk. The "hits" on the public officials are very much enjoyed and freely laughed about, no matter which individuals happen to be the objects of the wit.

Taking this as a cue, Mr. Long, when coffee was served, announced that, according to custom, Mr. Dooley's latest letter would be read; that it was written for the occasion and dealt with the very momentous question then before the public—what member of the Cabinet should be nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

The host added that Mr. Dooley with characteristic insight had named his article: "Why no Cabinet member can be nominated for the Vice Presidency."

Secretary Gage read the letter, and in dialect, spirit, humor and keen penetration it bore so verily the hall-mark of Dooley that the guests were kept in a gale of merriment. It was written in a particularly happy vein, and was filled with so many personal allusions and with so many jokes that referred to doings or discussions in the Cabinet that there were shouts of laughing amazement. The President himself is said to have enjoyed it more than anything else written this year.

Finally there came the explanation—an explanation that elicited more applause than did the original reading. It was no Dooley letter to which the Cabinet had been listening; for the Secretary of the Navy had written every word of it!

Desert Farms of the Future

Honorable F. H. Newell, Hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey, has excited much interest in the trans-Mississippi portion of the Union, as well as in scientific circles the world over, by his account of the plans which are being made for the reclamation of the arid lands of the West.

The magnitude of the work proposed is astounding even to the American mind, so wide in scope are the plans and so costly will be their carrying out. But the cost is promised to be little in comparison with the results to be achieved. The plans involve the control of rivers and the utilization of the water in the irrigation of territory of vast extent.

Storage reservoirs are projected of a size that will make them equal to veritable inland seas, and huge dams, constructed on the most advanced scientific principles, are to hold the seas in place. Canals larger than many of the well-known rivers of Europe will carry the water to the points where it is most needed, and a myriad of cut-offs and side-canals and ditches will finally distribute it to a multitude of farms. The conversion of several thousand square miles of desert into fertile country is promised as the result of these elaborate plans should they be carried out.

The advocates of the scheme declare that the territory when improved will alone be sufficient to support the present population of the continent, and that the changes in hydrometric conditions will ameliorate the climate of the entire Republic. The plan was conceived many years ago, but was not developed on account of the lack of authentic data. These have been supplied by the official surveys. That the plan is feasible in theory there can be no doubt, but that it is practicable is open to question.

Why Athletics are Better than Law

Mr. William Scott, of Pittsburg, who has been brought so prominently before the public recently through being Mr. Carnegie's lawyer in the famous "multi-million-dollar controversy" between Frick and Carnegie, asked one question too many the other day.

Every one interested in legal affairs knows how the two millionaires have always consulted the same law firm because their interests were identical, and that when the split came, this firm, of which Judge Reed, President of the Lake Erie Railroad, is the head, refused to take sides with either client and that new attorneys had to be chosen. Mr. Carnegie chose Mr. Scott, a brilliant and well known Princeton alumnus of the class of '69.

On June 9, at the opening of Nassau's Commencement, when Princeton took the baseball championship from Yale and young King Scott, Mr. Scott's son, had the honor of being substitute pitcher for Hildebrand, Mr. Scott was among the favored guests.

Mr. Scott is fond of getting evidence from people, and when a freshman who idolized King Scott came up to shake hands with the father after the game, Mr. Scott asked him what he thought was the best thing in college life.

"Athletics, sir," was the freshman's eager answer. "It's the greatest thing of all. It does a fellow no end of good."

"And why athletics?" insisted Mr. Scott.

"Well, sir," was the answer, "it's just this way. I guess you were a good student here, Mr. Scott, and read a heap of books—but nobody has ever heard of you, and the whole world knows about King."

Judging Statesmen by Their Clothes

The eternal feminine, rather than the political, was what was most noticeable in what was said by Mrs. W. H. Jones, who, as delegate-alternate from Utah, had the distinction of being the first woman officially to have a seat on the floor at a Republican National Convention.

"What opinion did you form of me when you first heard that there was to be a woman delegate?" she demanded sweetly.

She is an intelligent, pleasant-mannered woman, still young and of easy manners.

When convention orators were mentioned, their manner of speaking came first, and the substance of what was said came in for secondary, but not necessarily minor, notice.

"I liked that man. He dressed well, and he was a splendid speaker." That is a fair sample. Then she would add her estimate of the value of the speech and the man.

To know that that quiet, self-possessed woman, sitting so unobtrusively under the Utah banner, was thus applying new standards to statesmen, gave one a new feeling as to national conventions. One wonders whether, if the number of women delegates increases, politicians will come to a more realizing sense of the importance of dress, and whether tailors will begin to exploit "convention styles." But if Mrs. Jones is a sample of the convention woman of the future, eloquence and arguments must also be closely studied, for those were also points that she noted and considered.

Mrs. Jones frankly expressed her amazement at the turbulence and noise of the meetings. "With women it would be different," she said with calm assurance. "While any one was speaking the rest would be quiet. Why, I attended a women's convention—not political, though—not long ago, and during every speech the doors were locked, so that there was no going out or coming in. And every woman sat in a ladylike way and listened—or at least seemed to.

"How different it would be if men could do that! Why, there are delegates who come here from California and other distant places, and they want to know just what is said—and some one gets up to discuss an important point and they have to sit here and can't hear a word. It's a shame! Order ought to be preserved all over the hall."

She was asked how, in her opinion, a convention could be held without noise, and replied:

"I don't object to outbursts of enthusiasm—that is a different thing—but the causeless and constant noise and clatter and humming talk all over the convention hall impress me more than anything else, and really ought to be stopped." It was during the second day's session that she expressed these views.

Mrs. Jones was asked if she would be ready to address the convention, if the delegate for whom she was an alternate should be absent, and some matter in which she was deeply interested should come up.

"That's so, isn't it? Why, I scarcely thought of that. Well (and she grew very thoughtful), I'm sure I shouldn't be afraid to address a meeting of—well—five hundred people. There! I've really addressed more than that, too, at women's meetings."

She smiled at her own suggestion of five hundred.

"Well, if there should be any call on me to-morrow—which of course I don't expect, but there might be—I'd be ready to get up and speak. I don't think I'd be frightened, after all."

Although not official delegates, it is probable that Mrs. Henry George and a woman friend, at the Baltimore convention that nominated Horace Greeley, were the first women to have seats on the floor of a national convention hall.

Mrs. George's late husband, the famous Single Taxer, was a delegate from California. There were two seats reserved for delegates from the then territory of Dakota, but the delegates did not appear, whereupon the sergeant-at-arms allowed Mrs. George and her friend to occupy the seats.

They sat there throughout the convention and Mrs. George, who was always closely interested in what concerned the career of her husband, took a deep interest in the proceedings.

She tells of the jesting homage paid to them as supposed delegates, and of how speakers would call attention to "the delegates from Dakota," and how others would gravely remark to the convention that it was strange that "the delegates from Dakota" would never let the convention hear from them.

Moss and Kinbuck

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC

TENTH CHAPTER—THE YOUNG EAGLE MOUNTS

AFTER the momentary sorrow of parting from his good friend, Delmar, the youth's heart began to expand with joy. He lifted his arms and shook them as the young eagle exults. He was alone on the wide swells of plain, enacting a part of the wild life of which he had read and for which he had longed. He was riding a swift horse straight toward the mystic mountains of the West, leaving behind him the miserable wars of the sheep-herders and the cattlemen. Every leap of his sturdy pony carried him deeper into the storied land and farther from the tumult and shame of the night at Running Bear

He was not one to analyze morbidly, not even to feel remorse. He put the past behind him easily. Before him small grasshoppers arose in clapping, buzzing clouds Prairie dogs squeaked and frisked and dived needlessly into their dens. Hawks sailed like kites in the glorious, golden, hazy air, and on the firm sod the feet of his pony steadily drummed. Once a band of antelope crossed a swell, running in silence, jerkily, like a train of some singular automatons, moved by sudden, uneven impulses of power. The deep-worn buffalo trails seemed so fresh the boy's heart quickened with the thought that he might by chance come suddenly upon a stray bunch of them feeding in some deep swale.

He had passed beyond fences, and his course was still substantially westward. His eyes constantly searched the misty purple blue horizon for a first glimpse of the mountains, though he knew he could not possibly come in sight of them so soon. He rode steadily till the sun was overhead, when he stopped to let the pony rest and feed. He had a scanty lunch in his pocket, which he ate without water. Saddling up an hour or two later he continued his steady onward "shack" toward the west

Once or twice he passed in sight of cattle ranches, but he rode on without stopping, though he was hungry and weary Once he met a couple of cowboys who reined out and rode by, one on either side of him to see what brands were on his horse. He was sufficiently waywise to know what this meant. The riders remained studiously polite in their inquiries

"Where ye from, stranger?"

"Upper Cannon Ball."

"Eh—hah. How's the feed there this ye'r?"

"Pretty good."

"Where ye aimin' at now, if it's a fair question?"

"Bob Reynolds' ranch."

"He's over on the head water of the South Fork, ain't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a good piece yet. So long," they said in change of manner.

"So long."

They rode away, still filled with curiosity concerning the boy whose horse plainly showed hard riding. "He shore wants to git there," said one to the other.

Late in the afternoon the youth pulled in his horse and studied with the closest care a big cloud looming in the sky. All day snowy thunder-heads had been emerging into view near the horizon, blooming like gigantic roses out of the deep purple of the sky, but this particular cloud had not changed its sharp, clean-cut outline for an hour, and, as he looked, a veil of vapor suddenly drifted away from it, and Mose's heart leaped with exultation, as though a woman's hand had been laid on his shoulder. That cloudlike form was a mountain! It could be nothing else, for while all around it other domes shifted line and mass this one remained constant, riding through the mist as the moon endures in the midst of the flying vapor of the night.

Thereafter he rode with his eyes on that sunlit mass. The land grew wilder. Sharp hills broke the smooth expanses, and on these hills groves of dwarf pine appeared in irregular clumps, like herds of cattle. He began to look for a camping place, for he was very tired. For an hour he led his spent horse, still moving toward the far-off shining peak, which glowed long after darkness had fallen on the plains. At last it grew too dim to guide him farther, and, slipping the saddle from his horse, he turned him loose to feed upon the bunch grass

As the light faded from the sky so the exultation and sense of freedom went out of the boy's heart. His mind went back to the struggle in the street. He felt no remorse, no pity for the drunken fools, but he was angry and discouraged, and disgusted with himself. He had ended in failure and in flight where he should have won success and respect. He did not directly accuse himself; he had done as well as he could; he blamed "things," and said to himself, "it's my luck," by which he meant to express a profound feeling of dejection and weakness as of one in the grasp of inimical powers. By the working of unfriendly forces he was lying there under the pines, hungry, tired, chilled and lone as a wolf. Jack was far away, Mary lost forever to him, and the officers of the law were again on his trail. It was a time to make a boy a man, a bitter and revengeful man.

The night grew chill, and he was forced to walk up and down, wrapped in his saddle-blanket to keep warm. Fuel was scarce, and his small fire sufficed only to warm him in minute sections, and hunger had thinned his blood. He was tired and sleepy, too, but dared not lie down for fear of being chilled. It would not do to be ill here alone in this land

It was the loneliest night he had ever known in his life. On the hills near by the coyotes kept up ventriloquistic clamor, and from far off the bawling of great bulls and the bleating of the calves brought news of a huge herd of cattle, but these sounds only made his solitary vigil the more impressive. The sleepy chirp of the crickets and the sound of his horse nipping the grass, calmly careless of the wolves, were the only aids to sleep; all else had the effect of keeping his tense nerves vibrating. As the cold intensified, the crickets ceased to cry, and the pony, having filled his stomach, turned tail to the wind and humped his back in drowse At last, no friendly sounds were left in all the world, and shivering, sore and sullen, the youth faced the east, waiting for the dawn

As the first faint light came into the east he turned his face to the west, anxiously waiting till the beautiful mountain should blossom from the dark. At last it came stealing forth, timid, delicate, blushing like a bride from nuptial chamber, ethereal as an angel's wing, persistent as a glacial wall. As it broadened and bloomed the boy threw off his depression like a garment. Briskly saddling his shivery but well fed horse he set off, keeping more and more to the left, as his instructions ran. But no matter in which direction he rode, his eyes were on the mountain. "There is where I end," was his constantly repeated thought. It would have been easy for him to have turned aside

Shortly after sunrise he came upon a ranch set deep in a gully and sheltered by pifions. Smoke was curling from the stovepipe, but no other sign of life could be detected. He rode directly up to the door, being now too hungry and cold to pass by food and shelter, no matter what should follow

A couple of cowboys armed and armored came out lazily, but with menace in their glances.

"Good-morning," said Mose.

"Howdy, stranger, howdy," they repeated with instant politeness. "Git off your hoss and come in."

Thanks, I believe I will. Can you tell me whichaway is Bob Reynolds' ranch?" he asked

Both men broke into grins. "Well, you've putt' nigh hit it right hyer. This is one o' his 'line camps.' The ranch house is about ten miles further on—but slide off and eat a few

One man took his horse while the other showed him into a big room where a huge stack of coals on a rude hearth gave out a cheerful heat. It was an ordinary slab shack with three rooms. A slatternly woman was busy cooking breakfast in a little lean-to at the back of the larger room, a child was wailing in a crib, and before the fire two big, wolfish dogs were sleeping. They arose slowly to sniff lazily at Mose's garments, and then returned to their drowse before the fire.

"Stranger, you look putt' nigh beat out," said the man who acted as host; "you look pale around the gills

"I am," said Mose; "I got off my course last night, and had to make down under a pifion. I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday noon."

"Wal, we'll have some taters and sow-belly in a jiffy or two. Want to wash?"

Mose gladly took advantage of the opportunity to clean the dust and grime from his skin, though his head was dizzy with hunger. The food was bacon, eggs and potatoes, but it was fairly well cooked, and he ate with great satisfaction

The men were very much interested in him and tried to get at the heart of his relation to Reynolds, but he evaded them. They were lanky Missourians, types already familiar to him, and he did not care to make confidants of them. The woman was a graceless figure, a silent household drudge, sullenly sad, and gaunt and sickly.

Mose offered to pay for his breakfast, but the boss waved it aside and said: "Oh, that's all right; we don't see enough people pass to charge for a breakfast. Besides, we're part o' the Reynolds outfit, anyway."

As Mose swung into the saddle his heart was light. Away to the south a long, low cloud of smoke hung "What is that?" he asked

That's the bull gine on the Great Western, we got two railroads now."

"Which is two too many," said the other man. "First you know the cattle business will be wiped out o' 'Rickaree County just as it is bein' wiped out in Cheyenne and Running Bear. Nesters and cow-milkers are comin' in and will be buildin' fences yet"

Not in my day," said the host

"Well, so long," said Mose, and rode away

The Reynolds' ranch house was built close beside a small creek which had cut deep into the bottom of a narrow valley between two pifion-covered hills. It squat in the valley like a tortoise, but was much more comfortable than most ranch houses of the county. It was surrounded by long sheds and circular corrals of pine logs and looked to be what it was a den in which to seek shelter. A blacksmith's forge was sending up a shower of sparks as Mose rode through the gate and up to the main stable

A long-bearded old man, tinkering at some repairs to a plow, nodded at the youth without speaking

"Is Mr. Reynolds at home?" asked Mose

"No, but he'll be here in a second—jest rode over the hill to look at a sick colt. Git off an' make yourself comfortable."

Mose slipped off his horse and stood watching the queer old fellow as he squinted and hammered upon a piece of iron, chewing furiously meanwhile at his tobacco. It was plain his skill was severely taxed by the complexity of the task in hand

As he stood waiting, Mose saw a pretty young woman come out of the house and take a babe from the ground with matronly impatience of the dirt upon its dress

The old man followed the direction of the young man's eyes and mumbled: "Old man's girl. . . . Her child."

Mose asked no questions, but it gave a new and powerful interest to the graceful figure of the girl

Occasionally the old man lifted his eyes toward the ridge as if looking for some one, and at last said, "Old man—coming."

A horseman came into view on the ridge, sitting his horse with the grace and ease of one who lives in the saddle. As he zigzagged down the steep bank, his pony, a vicious and powerful roan "grade," was on its haunches half the time

He was lying there under the pifion, hungry, tired, chilled and lone as a wolf

sliding, leaping, trotting. The rider, a smallish man with a brown beard, was dressed in plain clothing, much the worse for wind and sun. He seemed not to observe the steepness and roughness of the trail.

As he rode up and slipped from his horse Mose felt much drawn to him, for his was a kindly and sad face. His voice, when he spoke, was low and soft, only his eyes, keen and searching, betrayed the resolute plainsman.

"Howdy, stranger," he said in Southern fashion. "Glad to see you here."

Mose gave his message from Delmar.

"From old Delmar, eh? How did you leave him? In good health and spirits, I hope."

He spoke in the rhythmical way of Tennesseans, emphasizing the auxiliary verbs beyond their usual value. After reading the letter he extended his hand. "I am very glad to meet you, sir; I am, indeed. Bill, take care of Mr. ——" He paused, and looked at the latter.

"Mose—Mose Harding," interpolated Mose.

"Put in Harding's horse. Come right in, Mr. Harding. I reckon dinner is in process of simmering by this time."

"Call me Mose," said the youth. "That's what Delmar called me."

Reynolds smiled. "Very good, sir; Mose it shall be." They entered the front door into the low-ceiled, small sitting room where a young girl was sitting sewing, with a babe at her feet.

"My daughter, Mrs. Craig," said Reynolds gently. "Daughter, this young man is Mr. Mose Harding, who comes from my old friend Delmar. He is going to stay with us for a time. Sit down, Mose, and make yourself at home."

"Good-morning," said Mose. "Howdy, stranger, howdy"

The girl blushed painfully and Mose flushed sympathetically. He could not understand the mystery, and ignored her confusion as far as possible. The room was shabby and well-worn. A rag carpet covered the floor. The white plastered walls had pictures cut from newspapers and magazines pinned upon them to break the monotony. The floor was littered also with toys, clothing and tools which the baby had pulled about, but the room wrought powerfully upon the boy's heart, giving him the first real touch of homesickness he had felt since leaving the Burns' farm that bright March day, now so far away it seemed that it was deep in the past. For a few moments he could not speak, and the girl was equally silent. She gathered up the baby's clothes and playthings and left the young man alone.

His heart was very tender with memories. He thought of Mary and of his sister Maud, and his throat ached. The wings of the young eagle were weary, and here was safety and rest, he felt that intuitively, and when Reynolds returned with his wife, a pleasant featured woman of large frame, tears were in the boy's eyes.

Mrs. Reynolds wiped her fingers on her apron and shook hands with him cordially. "I s'pose you're hungry as a wolf. Wal, I'll hurry up dinner. Mebbe you'd like a biscuit?"

Mose professed to be able to wait, and at last convinced the hospitable soul. "Wal, I'll hurry things up a little," she said as she went out. Reynolds, as he took a seat, said: "Delmar writes that you just got mixed up in some kind o' fuss down there. I reckon you had better tell me how it was."

Mose was glad to unburden his heart. As the story proceeded, Reynolds sat silently looking at the stove hearth, glancing at the youth only now and again as he reached some dramatic point. The girl came back into the room, and as she listened her timidity grew less painful. The boy's troubles made a bond of sympathy between them, and at last Mose found himself telling his story to her. Her beautiful brown eyes grew very deep and tender as he described his flight, his hunger and his weariness.

When he ended she drew a sigh of sympathetic relief and Reynolds said: "Mm! you have no certain knowledge, I reckon, whether you killed your man or not?"

"I can't remember. It was dark. We fired a dozen shots. I am afraid I hit; I am too handy with the revolver to miss."

"Mm, so Delmar says. Well, you're out of the State, and I have no belief they will take the trouble to look you up. Anyhow, I reckon you better stay with us till we see how the fuss ends. You certainly are a likely young rider, an' I can use you right hyer till you feel like goin' farther."

A wave of grateful emotion rushed over the boy. The girl perceived the tears, and as they went out to dinner she looked at him with a comradeship born of the knowledge that he, too, had suffered.

He returned her glance with one equally frank, and all through the meal he addressed himself to her more often than to her parents. She was of the most gentle type. Her lips and eyes expressed only sweetness and feminine charm.

ELEVENTH CHAPTER—ON THE ROUND-UP

MOSE was awakened next morning by the whirring of the coffee-mill, a vigorous and cheerful sound. Mrs. Reynolds and Cora were busily preparing breakfast, and their housewifely movements about the kitchen below gave the boy a singular pleasure. The smell of meat in the pan rose to his nostrils, and the cooing laughter of the baby added a final stroke to a home's sketch of noises. No household so homelike and secure had opened to him since he said good-by to his foster parents in Rock River.

He dressed and hurried down and out to the barn. Frost lay white on the grass, cattle were bawling somewhere in the distance. The smoke of the kitchen went up into the sky straight as a poplar tree. The beautiful plain, hushed and rapt, lay waiting for the sun.

As he entered the stable, Mose found Reynolds looking carefully at Jack. "That looks like a gentle hoss; I can't see a mean thing about him. I don't reckon he's a cow-hoss, is he?"

"No, I don't suppose he is a regular cow-horse, but he'll soon learn."

"I must trade you outen that hoss. I certainly am 'blieged to do so. I'm growin' old, boy. I don't take the pleasu' in a bronco that I once did. I certainly am tired of hosses I can't touch with my hand. Fo' fo'ty yeahs I have handled these locoed hosses—they ah all locoed in my judgment—and I am plum tired of such. I shall send to Missouri aw Tennessee and get me a hoss I can trust. Meanwhile you leave me yo' hoss an' take my bald-face pinto there; he is the fastest hoss on the range an' a plum devil, but that won't mattah to you, for you ah young."

Mose hated to yield up his gentle and faithful horse even for a short time, but could not decently refuse. He shifted his saddle to the pinto with Reynolds' help.

"Whoa, there, Wild Cat," called the rancher, as the wicked eyes began to roll. "He'll get usen to ye after a day or two," he said reassuringly.

Mose's horsemanship was on trial, and though nervous and white he led the pinto out and prepared to mount.

"If he wants to gambol a little, just let him go, only keep his head up," said Reynolds with careless glance.

Cora came out of the house and stood looking on while Mose tightened the cinch again, and grasping the pommel with both hands put his toe in the stirrup. The pinto leaped away sidewise, swift as a cat, but before he could fairly get into motion Mose was astride, with both feet in the stirrups. With a series of savage sidewise bounds the horse made off at a tearing pace, thrusting his head upon the bit in the hope to jerk his rider out of his seat. Failing of this he began to leap like a sheep. Just as he was about to let up on this Mose sank the rowels into him with a wild yell and hotly lashed him from side to side with the end of his rope. For a few rods the horse continued to leap with stiffened legs and upraised back, then abandoned all tricks and ran up the hill like a scared antelope.

When Reynolds caught up with his new "hand" he smiled and said, "I reckon you can be trusted to look out fo' yo'sef," and the heart of the youth glowed with pleasure.

Again he felt the majesty and splendor of the life into which he had penetrated. The measureless plain, dimpled and wrinkled, swept downward toward the flaming eastern sky unmarked of man. To the west, cut close across their snow tops on the plain's edge, three enormous and snow-[illegible] peaks arose, the sunlight already glittering on the [illegible] snows.

Coyotes, still at vigil on the hills, slid out of sight at the coming of the horsemen. The prairie-dogs peered sleepily from their burrows. Cattle in scattered bands snuffed and stared or started away bulking, yet swift, the bulls sullen and ferocious, the calves wild as deer. There were no fences, no furrows, no wagon tracks, no sign of sheep. It was the cow country in very truth.

On the way Reynolds said very little. Occasionally as they drew their ponies to a walk he remarked upon the kindliness of the horse and said, "I hope you'll like my hoss as well as I like youah's."

It was nearly twelve o'clock when they topped a treeless ridge and came in sight of the round-up. Below them, in the midst of a wide, grassy river flat, stood several tents and a covered wagon. Near by lay a strong circular corral of poplar logs, filled with steers. At some distance from the corral a dense mass of slowly revolving cattle moved, surrounded by watching horsemen. Down from the hills and up the valley came other horsemen, hurrying forward irregular bands of cows and calves. A small fire near the corral was sending up a pale strand of smoke, and, at the tail of the wagon, a stovepipe emitting a darker column told that dinner was in preparation. Over the scene the cloudless September sky arched. Dust arose under the heels of the herds, and the bawling roar of bulls, the call of agonized cows and the answering bleat of calves formed the base of the shrill whoopings and laughter of the men. Nothing could be wilder, more stirring, more picturesque except a camp of Sioux or Cheyennes in the days of the buffalo.

In a few minutes Mose was in the midst of the turmoil. Every one greeted Reynolds with affection, and he replied in the stately phrases which had made him famous: "How do you do, gentlemen. I certainly am glad to see you enjoyin' this fine fall day. Cap'n Charlesworth, allow me to present my young friend, Moses Harding."

Captain Charlesworth, a tall man with a squint eye and a humorous glance, came up to shake hands as Mose slipped from his bronco.

Reynolds went on: "Cap'n Charlesworth is cow-boss, an' will see that you earn yo' bo'd. Cap'n, this young man comes from my good friend, Cap'n Delmar, of Santa Fé. You know Delmar?"

"I should think so," said the boss. "It seems this youngster kin ride, seein's he's on Wild Cat."

Reynolds smiled: "I reckon you can consider him both able and willin', Cap'n."

"Well, slip off an' eat. I'll take care o' the cayuses."

On the ground, scattered among the tents and in the shade of the cook-wagon, were some twenty or thirty herders. For the most part they were slender, bronzed and active, of twenty-five or thirty, with broad white hats (faded and flapping in the brim), gray or blue woolen shirts (once gay with red lacing), and dark pantaloons, tucked into tall boots with long heels. Spurs jingled at the heels of their tall boots, and most of them wore bandannas of silk or cotton looped gracefully about their necks. A few of the younger ones wore a sort of rude outside trouser of leather called "chaps," and each of them carried a revolver slung at the hip. They were superb examples of adaptation to environment, alert, bold and graceful of movement.

A relay of them were already at dinner, with a tin plate full of "grub" and a big tin cup steaming with coffee before each man. They sat almost anywhere to eat, on saddles, wagon-tongues—any convenient place. Some of them, more orderly, were squatted along a sort of table made of folded blankets piled through the centre of a tent. Here Reynolds took a seat and Mose followed, shrinking a little from the keen scrutiny of the men. The fact that Reynolds vouched for him, however, was introduction, and the cook made a place for him readily enough and brought him a plate and cup.

"Boys," said Reynolds, "this young feller is just come to town. His name is Mose Harding, and he can ride a hoss all right, all right. He's agoin' to make a hand here in my place; treat him fair."

There was a moment's awkward pause and then Mose said: "I'm going to try to do my share."

As he had time to look around he began to individualize the men. One of the first to catch his eye was an Indian who sat near the door of the tent. He was dressed like the other men, but was evidently a full blood. His skin was very dark, not at all red or copper-colored, and Mose inferred that he was a Ute. His eyes were fixed on Mose with intent scrutiny, and when the boy smiled the Indian's teeth gleamed white in ready good nature and they were friends at once. The talk was all about the work on hand, the tussles with steers, the number of unbranded calves, the queries concerning shipment, etc.

Dinner was soon over and "Charley," as the cow boss was called by his men, walked out with Mose toward the corral. "Kin ye rope?" he asked.

"No, not for a cent."

"Let him hold the herd foh a day or two," suggested Reynolds. "Give him time to work in."

"All right, s'pose you look after him this afternoon."

Together Reynolds and Mose rode out toward the slowly "milling" herd, a hungry, hot and restless mob of broad-horns, which required careful treatment. As he approached the dull roar of their movement, their snuffing and moaning thrilled the boy. He saw the gleaming, clashing horns

of the great animals uplift and mass and change, and it seemed to him there were acres and acres of them.

Reynolds called out to two sweating, dusty, hoarse young fellows, "Go to grub, boys."

Without a word they wheeled their horses and silently withdrew, while Reynolds became as instantly active

His voice arose to a shout: "Now lively, Mose; keep an eye on the herd, and if any cow starts to break out—lively now—turn him in."

A big bay steer, lifting his head, suddenly started to leave the herd. Mose spurred his horse straight at him with a yell and turned him back.

"That's right!" shouted Reynolds

Mose understood more of it than Reynolds realized. He took his place in the cordon and aided in the work with very few blunders. The work was twofold in character. Fat cattle were to be cut out of the herd for shipment, unbranded calves were to be branded, and strays tallied and thrown back to their own feeding grounds. Into the crush of great, dusty, steaming bodies, among tossing, cruel, curving horns the men rode to "cut out" the beeves and to rope the calves. It was a furious scene, yet there was less excitement than Mose at first imagined. Occasionally as a roper returned he paused on the edge of the herd long enough to "eat" a piece of tobacco and pass a quiet word with a fellow, then spurring his horse he reentered the herd again. No matter how swift his action, his eyes were quiet.

It was hard work; dusty, hot and dangerous also. To be unhorsed in that struggling mass meant serious injury, if not death. The youth was glad to think that he was not required to enter the herd.

That night when the horse herd came tearing down the mesa, Reynolds said: "Now, Mose, you fall heir to my shift of horses, too. Let me show them to you. Each man has four extra horses. That wall-eyed roan is mine, so is the sorrel mare with the star-face. That big all-over bay, the finest hoss in the whole outfit, is mine, too, but he is unbroken. He shore is a hard problem. I'll give him to you if you can break him, or I'll trade him for your Jack."

"I'll do it!" cried Mose, catching his breath in excitement as he studied the splendid beast. His lithe, tigerlike body glittered in the sun, though his uplifted head bore a tangled, dusty mat of mane He was neglected, wary and unkempt, but he was magnificent. Every movement of his powerful limbs made the boy ache to be his master.

Thus Mose took his place among the cowboys. He started right, socially, this time. No one knew that he had been a sheep herder but Reynolds, and Reynolds did not lay it up against him. He was the equal of any of them in general horsemanship; they admitted that at the end of the second day, though he was not so successful in handling cattle as they thought he should be. It was the sense of inefficiency in these matters which led him to give an exhibition of his skill with the revolver one evening when the chance offered. He shot from his horse in all conceivable positions, at all kinds of marks, and with all degrees of speed, till one of the boys, accustomed to good shooting, said:

"You kin jest about shoot."

"That's right," said the cow-boss; "I'd hate to have him get a grutch agin me."

Mose warmed with pardonable pride. He was taking high place in their ranks, and was entirely happy during these pleasant autumn days. On his swift and wise little ponies he tore across the sod in pursuit of swift steers or came rattling down a hillside, hot at the heels of a wild-eyed cow and calf, followed by a cataract of pebbles. Each day he bestrode his saddle till his bones cried out for weariness, and his stomach walls ground together for want of food, but when he sat among his fellows to eat with keenest pleasure the beef and beans of the pot-wrestler's providing, he was content. He had no time to think of Jack or Mary except on the nights when he took his trick at watching the night herd. Then sometimes in the crisp and fragrant dusk, with millions of stars blazing overhead, he experienced a sweet and powerful longing for a glimpse of the beautiful girlish face which had lightened his days and nights in prison

The herders were rough, hearty souls for the most part, often obscene and rowdy as they sat and sang around the camp-fire. Mose had never been a rude boy; on the contrary, he had always spoken in rather elevated diction, due, no doubt, to the influence of his father, whose speech was always serious and well-ordered. Therefore, when the songs became coarse he walked away and smoked his pipe alone, or talked with Jim the Ute, whose serious and dignified silence was in vivid contrast.

Some way, coarse speech and ribald song brought up, by the power of contrast, the pure, sweet faces of Mary and his sister Maud. Two or three times in his boyhood he had come near to slaying pert lads who had dared to utter coarse words in his sister's presence. There was in him too much of the essence of the highest chivalry to permit such things

It happened, therefore, that he spent much time with "Ute Jim," who was a simple and loyal soul, thoughtful and possessing a sense of humor withal. Mose took great pleasure in sitting beside the camp-fire with this son of the plains while he talked of the wild and splendid life of the days before the white man came. His speech was broken, but he pieced it out by means of the sign-language so graceful, so dignified and so dramatic that Mose was seized with the fervid wish to acquire a knowledge of it. This he soon did, and thereafter they might be seen at any time of day signaling from side to side of the herd, the Indian smiling and shaking his head when the youth made a mistake.

Jim believed in his new friend, and when questions brought out the history of the dispossession of his people he grew very sorrowful. His round cheeks became rigid and his eyes were turned away. "Injun no like fight white man all time. Injun gotta fight. White man crowd Injun back, back, no game, no rain come, no corn. Injun heap like rivers, trees, all same—white man no like 'um, go on hot plain, no trees, no mountains, no game."

But he threw off these sombre moods quickly and resumed his stories of himself, of long trips to the snow peaks, which he seemed to regard in the light of highest daring. The high mountains were not merely far from the land of his people, they were mythic places inhabited by monstrous animals that could change from beast to fowl, and talk—great conjuring creatures whose powers were infinite in scope. As the red man struggled forward in his story, attempting to define these conceptions, the heart of the prairie youth swelled with

"From wild Dermont, eh? How did you leave him?"

a poignant sense of drawing near a great mystery. The conviction of Jim's faith for the moment made him more than half believe in the powers of the mountain people. Day by day his longing for the "high country" grew.

At the first favorable moment he turned to the task of subduing the splendid bay horse for which he had traded his gentle Jack. One Sunday, when he had a few hours off, Mose went to Alf, the chief "roper," and asked him to help him catch "Kintuck," as Reynolds called the bay.

"All right," said Alf; "I'll tie him up in a jiffy"

"Can you get him without marking him all up?"

"I don't believe it. He's going to thrash around like thunder; we'll have to choke him down."

Mose shook his head. "I can't stand that. I s'pose it'll skin his fetlocks if you get him by the feet."

"Oh, it may, may not; depends on how he struggles."

Mose refused to allow his shining, proud-necked stallion to be roped and thrown, and asked the boys to help drive him into a strong corral, together with five or six other horses. This was done, and stripping himself as for a race, Mose entered the corral and began walking rapidly round and round, following the excited animals. Hour after hour he kept this steady, circling walk, till the other horses were weary, till Kintuck ceased to snort, till the blaze of excitement passed out of his eyes, till he walked with a wondering backward glance, as if to ask: "Two-legged creature, why do you so persistently follow me?"

The cowboys jeered at first, but after a time they began to marvel at the dogged walk of the youth. They gathered about the walls of the corral and laid bets on the outcome At the end of the third hour Kintuck walked with a mechanical air, all the fire and fury gone out of him. He began to allow his pursuer to approach him closely, almost near enough to be touched. At the end of the fourth hour he allowed Mose to lay his hand on his nose, and Mose petted him and went to dinner. Odds stood in Mose's favor as he returned to the corral. He was covered with dust and sweat, but he was confident. He began to speak to the horse in a gentle, firm voice. At times the stallion faced him with head lifted, a singular look in his eyes, as though he meditated leaping upon his captor. At first Mose took no note of these actions, did not slacken his pace, but continued to press the bay on and on. At last he began to approach the horse with his hand lifted, looking him in the eye and speaking to him. Snorting as if with terror, the splendid animal faced him again and again only to wheel at the last moment. The cowboys were profanely contemptuous "Think of taking all that trouble!"

"Rope him, and put a saddle on him and bust him," they called resoundingly

Mose kept on steadily. At last, when all the other horses had been turned loose Kintuck, trembling and with a curious stare in his eyes, again allowed Mose to lay his hand on his nose. He shrank away, but did not wheel. It was sunset and the horse was not merely bewildered, he was physically tired The touch of his master's hand over his eyes seemed to subjugate him, to take away his will When Mose turned to walk away the horse followed him as though drawn by some magnetic force, and the herders looked at each other in amazement. Thereafter he had but to be accustomed to the bridle and saddle and to be taught the duties of a cow-horse. He had come to love his master

This exploit increased the fame of "Dandy Mose," as the cowboys came to call him, because of the nature of his dress He was bronzed now, and a very creditable brown mustache added to the maturity of his face. He was gaunt with hard riding, and sombre and reticent in manner, so that he seemed to be much older than his years Before the beef round-up was ended he could rope a steer fairly well, could cut out or hold the herd as well as the best, and in pistol practice he had no equal.

He was well pleased with himself. He loved the swift riding, the night watches, the voices of wolves, the turmoil of the camp, the rush of the wild wide horned herd, and the pounding roar of the relay horses as they came flying into camp of a morning. It all suited well with the leaping blood of his heart and the restless vigor of his limbs. He thought of his old home very little—even Mary was receding into the mist of distance.

When the beef herd was ready to be driven to the shipping point Reynolds asked him if he wished to go. He shook his head. "No, I'll stay here." He did not say so, but he was still a little afraid of being called to account for his actions in Running Bear. He saw the herd move off with regret, for he would have enjoyed the drive exceedingly. He cared little for the town, though he would have liked the opportunity to make some purchases. He returned to the Reynolds ranch to spend the autumn and the winter in such duties as the stock required

As the great peaks to the west grew whiter and whiter, looming ever larger at dawn, the heart of the boy grew restless The dark cañons allured him, the stream babbled strange stories to him—tales of the rocky spaces from which it came—until the boy dreamed of great white doors that opened on wondrous green parks.

One morning when Cora called the men to breakfast Mose and Jim did not respond. A scrawl from Mose said: "We've gone to the mountains. I'll be back in the spring. Keep my outfit for me and don't worry

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When Brosius Speaks in Whispers

MARRIOTT BROSIUS, Congressman from the Tenth District of Pennsylvania has a voice that is famous

Not long ago a member of the House was passing out of the front door of the Capitol with a friend when they heard a crash behind them as of distant thunder.

"What was that noise?" inquired the friend

"I don't know," replied the Congressman, "unless it was Brosius whispering

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Africa in the Maw of the Lion

A VAST African Empire, stretching from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, and slowly widening till it shall hold within its confines the whole Dark Continent—that is the result which should logically follow from the Boer war, and in that fact lies the explanation of England's grim determination neither to yield nor listen to compromise.

The onlooker may be pro-British or pro-Boer, but he cannot be in doubt as to England's policy and the almost inevitable future of at least the greater part of Africa. The time may not be long in coming when Gibraltar will cease to be an isolated possession, and when the Mediterranean will be practically an English lake.

With Egypt and the Nile controlled, with all the southern part of the continent in England's hands, what remains to be done will be comparatively easy of accomplishment. There will be vast forests and jungles to explore, weak nations and native tribes to overcome, European powers to coerce or to purchase with promises regarding advantages in other parts of the world.

When Marchand attempted to establish a foothold in the Nile country he was sternly brushed aside, and England stood ready for instant war. In that one fact there lay an all sufficient declaration of intentions.

Nothing is truer than that history repeats itself. The centuries are but as a day. In India and in Canada there were rival claims, but England rose above all. So it will be in Africa. America did her share in the development of that continent. She sent Stanley. England seized upon the results of his labors and then took even the man himself. The world is England's orange.

Thackeray, a thorough Englishman, once wrote that if you step on a man's corns he will move his foot away; then you may stand where he was standing. England keeps stepping on the toes of the world and seizing space as feet are moved. True, this does not always work. When, for example, a century and a quarter ago Uncle Sam's feet were stepped on, England lost. But that was another story.

The Sahara itself will come under British control—possibly through vast irrigation—possibly through the making of it into an interior sea. It was not of England that the ancient poet wrote: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

A strange contrast to all this is the quietude of the English country. Old-fashioned, sleepy, crowded London, that will stand any degree of inconvenience rather than inaugurate such improvements as have made its rival capital, Paris, the glory of the world—England, averse to change—with its charming country lanes, its red tiled cottages, its dreamy Oxford, its silent, huge cathedrals, its patient, quiet population—where are the signs of the restless activity, the unyielding determination that sent it forth to the conquering of the world and that have kept it so steadily at the task? Her soldiers are kindly and simple-hearted, her clubmen greet you with genial reserve and quietude, her business men are in no flurry of haste. Yet the resistless qualities are there. England is gripping tighter and tighter, reaching farther and farther, expanding and ever expanding. Nor is there any sign that the term of this world-wide dominion is approaching. Even her enemies barely try to check her. They cannot draw out leviathan with a hook.

Nations as well as individuals have a perfect right to do good unto others, but they make a great mistake when they try to beat it into them.

Yankee Methods for India

AGRICULTURAL implements are what India needs more than she needs food. She needs railroads more than money. She needs civilization more than a famine fund.

We do not belittle the splendid efforts that are being made to help India in this hour of its need. But, until conditions change, the famine, like the poor, the India Government will always have with it. The lean kine that appeared in the vision to Joseph of old will stand like spectre shadows before the eyes of the rulers of India until improved means of transportation and improved methods of planting and cultivating shall begin to work out the salvation of the people.

India cannot support her two hundred and thirty-five millions of population under present conditions. There is too much reliance on the bullock cart. There is too much dependence on tickling the soil with a stick and harvesting stalk by stalk. Model farms and model railroads are not typical of India. There are not enough of them.

The present condition of famine is a constantly recurring one. In the famine of 1866 two millions of people died from famine and its resulting diseases. A few years later the British Government spent more than eight million pounds sterling in efforts to give sufficient food. In the famine of 1877 more than five millions of lives were lost.

In former times great wars kept down the surplus population and the pestilence that walketh in darkness took what was needed to be taken of the remainder. The wars of Shere Khan, Akbar, the mighty Aurungzebe, Hyder-Ali and other conquerors demanded millions of lives. At the battle of Panipat alone there were two hundred thousand slain. Pestilence took millions more.

But wars have ceased in India. The efforts of the British have operated to check, for years at a time, the progress of destructive diseases, and the population has responded to such encouragement. The villages have become stiflingly overmassed. Then has come the inevitable back-sweep of the pendulum. The people must die when there is not enough to keep them alive. The plague and the famine work hand in hand.

A people who eat but little animal food, who keep few cattle, who have little manure with which to fertilize their fields, and who dare not use that little because their religion teaches them that it is holy, whose primitive agriculture is at the mercy of drought and hurricane, and whose prosperity is at the mercy of greedy merchants and chance markets, need American teaching, and American methods, and American machinery. Till these be given them, all assistance, no matter how productive of good, will be transient only.

Ex-President Cleveland has told the Princeton boys all about the independence of the Executive, but no prophet has arisen lately to proclaim the independence of the National Convention Delegate.

Silver or Gold—and Offices

ALL the Democratic comments on the Republican Convention declared that it was a bossed affair in which the trust influences were strong. All the Republican comments on the Democratic Convention said with a sneer that the meeting on the Fourth of July was a piece of cheap claptrap, and that the crowd who composed its membership was chiefly noted for its whiskers and its nonsense.

Since the conventions the language has not improved. According to the Republicans the Democrats are doing all they can to cheapen the money and character of the country. According to the Democrats the Republicans are enslaving the people and pushing the Republic toward a monarchy. And according to the Prohibitionists the whole land will go to smash if alcohol is not suppressed, while at least three of the other minor parties declare that the only safety of the nation lies in the Government taking charge of and operating the public utilities, from water supplies to railroad systems. In the meanwhile the plain, intelligent citizen enjoys it all as a part of the game and makes up his mind which way to vote. The entire staff of campaign orators—many of whom are paid for their vehemence—do not influence him any more than the brass bands which are hired for somewhat the same purpose—to make noise.

In the midst of the hubbub what is the highest note? Can any one tell the main issue of this campaign? Is it money? The gold standard law is passed and enforced. Is it imperialism? We are in the foreign business up to our elbows and we cannot get out. Is it trusts? They are here, and all the thirty laws against them—one National and twenty nine State—have not curbed a single corporation. Is it good roads, or Government control, or one of the many things set forth in the various platforms?

Or, after all, is it the same old fight for the offices?

About the time people make as much fuss over their religion as they do over their politics the millennium will be along.

Cheapening the Other Fellow's Success

IT IS not a new thing in human nature to discount the success of the other fellow, but it seems to grow more prevalent as education spreads. It is very easy, and it adds wonderfully to the comfort and satisfaction of those who do not win the prizes.

What of David Harum, or To Have and To Hold, or Red Pottage, or Janice Meredith, or any of the big selling novels of the year? Why, they are only temporary sensations—others like them in years gone by are unknown—and they will soon sink into obscurity as the new stories claim the bargain counters and the literary columns. What of this artist or that preacher? They have their day, but life is brief and popularity has swifter wings than riches. What of the men who are heading the tickets in politics? They are really no better than the average and the chances that give them their prominence will soon take it away. All—all—is like the actor that struts his brief hour on the stage and is forgotten when the curtain falls.

Pessimism always gets the better of the debate but inevitably fails on the verdict. Success whether temporary or permanent, whether large or small, is success—nothing can change that.

If we get a slice of China, our ethnological collection will be the most complete in the world.

The Wholesale Trade in College Degrees

EVEN in the good old days when a man was knighted simply because the King esteemed him a good fellow, and a woman became my lady in exchange for a judiciously bestowed kiss, patents of nobility were granted for better reasons than are parchments of learning to-day—at least by some of the smaller colleges. If honors were easy then, honorary degrees are easier now. No one with more than a million seems to be ineligible.

So long as we have college presidents whose sense of humor and of the eternal fitness of things are as small as their greed of endowment and advertising is large, this indiscriminate scattering of honors will go on. Doctors are already as plentiful as Colonels in an ex-Confederate stronghold. We have professors of the beautiful science of shoe polishing. It is but a step now to doctors of the delicate art of shaving. As for the men who are by intellect and attainment entitled to an L.L. D., they are already beginning to fight shy of the honor.

It is sometimes a distinction to be plain Mister Smith.

A man who holds his head high may stumble, but he never crawls.

The Fiend of Industry

OUR day is the day of work. We are not, exactly speaking, born with the implements for money grubbing in our hands; but once we get a firm grip on their helves we let loose only when death forces us to quit forever the field of earthly activities. But industry would not be a bad habit to cultivate were we able to control a wary and sleepless fiend that lurks always somewhere in it. The wise and sympathetic philanthropist suavely tells us to take a holiday now and then, not merely for idleness' sake, but for recreation and the moral benefit of renewal and readjustment of body and soul. The advice is thrillingly acceptable to a certain craving of human nature, which strays with the straying winds, sings with the birds and flows with the brooks. We are grateful to the calm faced and mild-mannered philanthropist. Yes, to be sure, we will take a day from work and go play, leaving behind us the cares and worries of industry. We have earned rest; why not take it freely?

Of course nothing is easier than simply letting go the helve and walking away. But when we have done this we soon become aware of the fiend whose delight it is to remind us of the fact that "a day lost can never be found again." A voice like the sigh of sleepless Eternity explains that "art is long and life but a span," that all the wise and famous men of the past scorned everything but work. "Make hay while the sun shines," it whispers; "the unthrifty man shall see the day when his bin shall be empty." Then into the very spirit of our holiday creeps the sense of a guilt which effectually poisons enjoyment. Remote, elusive, skulking furtively in vague distances of conscience, this fiend of industry hints at "opportunity missed."

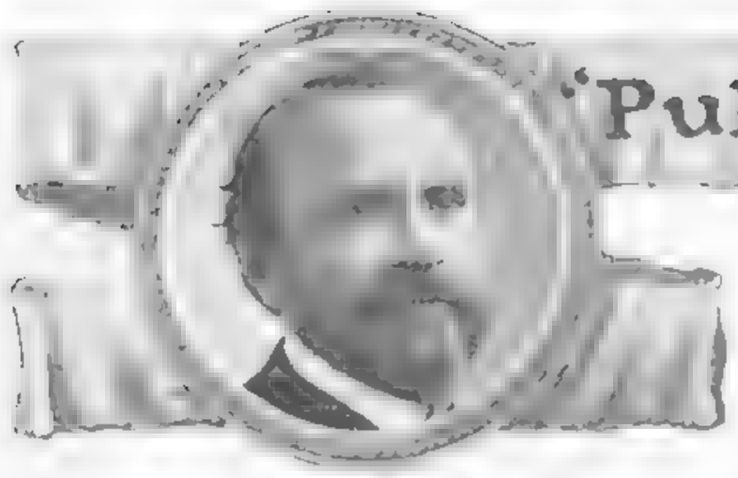
"The sentinel who sleeps at his post never happens to wake before the officer arrives." "Turn your back a single moment and the long-expected wonder blooms unseen." The strain of an indefinite and shadowy qualm or misgiving outweighs the full, open pressure of freedom and recreation. Thought hurries back to the desk, the counter, the ledgers, the till. To-day of all days we ought to have been at the steering-wheel of business. What could have induced us to drop weakly into the snare of idleness and shiftlessness at this supremely important moment? All day long we strive to be as gay as the occasion demands; but when night approaches we make haste to reoccupy our fascinating treadmill of industry, dreading to examine once more the gudgeons and cogs, lest in our short absence great damage has been done them.

Of course the mill is all right; not even a drop of oil has wasted from the whizzing spindles. Low, and with atrocious accent, laughs the shadowy fiend of hard work as he once more takes his place. We look back ruefully at the fast-receding holiday and call ourselves by improper names, thinking what simpletons we were to be influenced by the merest vagary engendered somehow out of our nervousness and the clinging shadows of overwork. Ah, when an opportunity to play shall again offer, we may be all the wiser for this trick of the fiend.

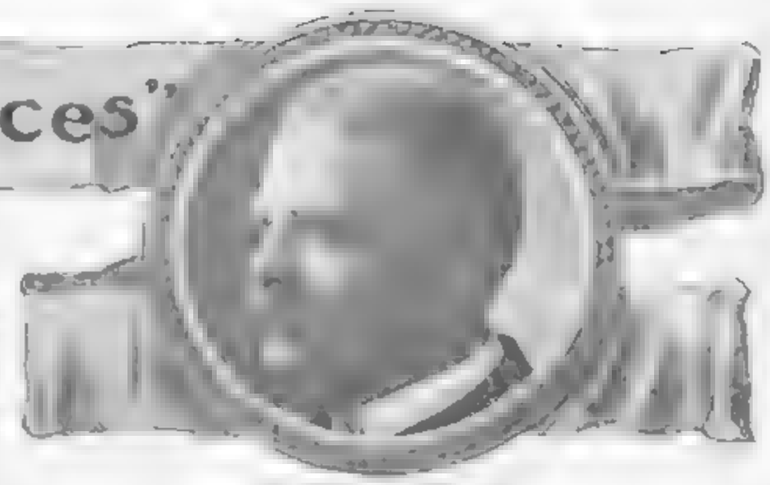
Shall we? Deep in the tumult of clacking cogs and buzzing belts is heard a pervading, abominable laugh, and a soulless voice whispers all through us: "Oh, yes, to be sure, next time you shall be wiser; you shall play like children and sing like birds!"

A mad race for wealth quickens the pulse but rusts the soul.

"Publick Occurrences"



HENRY PHIPPS



CLEMENT A. GRISCOM

Six Billions in American Combines

Never before in our history was a Congressional Record so loaded up with tables of figures and reprinted speeches as in the closing days of the first session of the present Congress It is the usual plan to do this on the eve of Presidential elections in order that the matter may be cheaply printed and franked through the mails. All the parties are equally guilty. Mr. Grosvenor, speaking for the Republicans, fills page after page in the finest type with tables and quotations from his party press. One speech of this kind, which is printed in the Record of June 13, would require the better part of a day for delivery, while as a matter of fact not more than ten or fifteen minutes of the time of the House was occupied, Mr. Grosvenor getting the usual leave to print for the remainder In the same way Senator Allen in the Senate and Representative Cummings in the House, by the grace of leave to print, got the complete anti-trust speech of William J. Bryan in the proceedings of both branches. Likewise the Democrats in both the Senate and the House secured not only once but twice in the Record the insertion of a table filling four large pages, taken from the Commercial Year Book by Byron W. Holt, and entitled, Trusts and Combines in the United States. In offering it Senator Allen said

"I want to call attention to the remarkable fact that more trusts have been formed since the fourth of March, 1897, up to this date, two to one, than in all the history of this country from its organization." There are nearly four hundred in the list, which will by virtue of its use in the official proceedings of Congress become familiar campaign literature in the Presidential contest. The total amount of money represented in all these trusts is placed at over six billions of dollars, or three times the annual commerce of the whole United States. Other trusts, organized since, add another billion

Thirty Huge Combinations

In order that some idea may be obtained of these combines and the statistics given we will take those whose stock amounts to fifty million dollars and over:

	Common Stock	*Preferred Stock*
American Ice Company	$60,000,000	
American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey	90,000,000	$40,000,000
American Sugar Refining Company	36,968,000	36,968,000
American Woolen Company	30,000,000	30,000,000
Atlantic Steamship Pool	100,000,000	
Bay State Gas Company	100,000,000	
Central Lumber Company	70,000,000	
Chemical Combine	50,000,000	
Consolidated Smelting and Refining Company	27,000,000	27,000,000
Continental Tobacco Company	30,000,000	30,000,000
Federal Steel Company	46,484,000	52,767,600
National Steel Company	32,000,000	27,000,000
National Tube Company	30,000,000	30,000,000
New England Insurance Exchange	58,537,167	
Anthracite Coal Trust	150,000,000	
Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company	25,000,000	25,000,000
Standard Oil Company	97,250,000	
Steel Rail Manufacturing Ass'n	50,000,000	
Underwriters' Association of N. Y.	56,428,711	
United States Leather Company	62,854,600	62,254,600
Western Union Telegraph	97,370,000	
Amalgamated Copper	75,000,000	
American Hide and Leather Company	40,000,000	30,000,000
American Plow Company	65,000,000	
American Smelting and Refining Company	27,400,000	27,400,000
Carnegie Steel Company	125,000,000	125,000,000
National Carpet Company	50,000,000	
Republic Iron and Steel Company	30,000,000	25,000,000
Soapmakers' Combination	25,000,000	25,000,000
Union Steel and Chain Company	30,000,000	30,000,000

Not Enough Money for the Trusts

The thirty combinations above are credited with capital amounting to two and one-third billions of dollars.

The entire general stock of money of all kinds in the United States, gold, silver, notes and certificates, amounts to about $2,700,000,000. So that if all the four hundred combines in the list should try to turn their capitalizations into cash they would use up every penny of the nation's money and then have only about forty per cent. of their demands Indeed, the thirty corporations mentioned here would nearly use up all our cash Of course, we know that business is transacted mostly on credit and this gives an entirely different view of the case, but the comparisons show the real financial hugeness of the modern combinations. It naturally follows that such a condition should become a political issue

The Position of the Republicans

The Republicans meet the trust question in their new platform as follows: "We recognize the necessity and propriety of the honest cooperation of capital to meet new business [illegible] tions intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production or to control prices, and favor such legislation as will effectually restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the rights of producers, laborers and all who are engaged in industry and [illegible]

An expression much more to the point was the speech of Senator Wolcott, the temporary chairman who outlined the Administration's policy, and who said that trusts were heard of only under Republican Administrations, because it was then that the people had confidence and that capital came forth to make prosperity, while under Democratic rule capital always went into hiding. This point was enthusiastically applauded by the Republican Convention.

No Good Trusts, Say the Democrats

The Democrats follow their leader, Colonel Bryan, who declared in his famous anti trust speech

"I want to start with the declaration that a monopoly in private hands is indefensible from any standpoint and intolerable. I make no exceptions to the rule. I do not divide monopolies in private into good monopolies and bad monopolies. There is no good monopoly in private hands. There can be no good monopoly in private hands until the Almighty sends us angels to preside over the monopoly"

Colonel Bryan in the same speech said.

"I was riding through Iowa and saw some hogs rooting in a field. The first thought that came to my mind was that those hogs were destroying a great deal in value, and then my mind ran back to the time when I lived upon a farm and we had hogs. I thought of the way in which we used to protect property from the hogs by putting rings in the noses of the hogs; and then the question came to me, why did we do it? Not to keep the hogs from getting fat, for we were more interested in their getting fat than they were; the sooner they got fat the sooner we killed them; the longer they were in getting fat the longer they lived. But why did we put the rings in their noses?

"So that while they were getting fat they would not destroy more than they were worth. And then the thought came to me that one of the great purposes of government was to put rings in the noses of hogs. I don't mean to say anything offensive, but we are all hoggish. In hours of temptation we are likely to trespass upon the rights of others."

When it was suggested that radical action might be unconstitutional he replied: "If it is unconstitutional, and is so declared by the Supreme Court, I am in favor of an amendment to the Constitution that will give Congress power to destroy every trust in the country

The Democratic National Convention at Kansas City declared in its platform for 1900

"We pledge the Democratic party to an unceasing warfare in nation, state and city against private monopoly in every form. Existing laws against trusts must be enforced and more stringent ones must be enacted providing for publicity as to the affairs of corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and requiring all corporations to show, before doing business outside of the State of their origin, that they have no water in their stock, and that they have not attempted, and are not attempting, to monopolize any branch of business or the production of any articles of merchandise, and the whole constitutional power of Congress over interstate commerce, the mails and all modes of interstate communication shall be exercised by the enactment of comprehensive laws upon the subject of trusts. Tariff laws should be amended by putting the products of trusts upon the free list to prevent monopoly under the plea of protection.

"Corporations should be protected in all their rights and their legitimate interests should be respected, but any attempt by corporations to interfere with the public affairs of the people or to control the sovereignty which creates them, should be forbidden under such penalties as will make such attempts impossible"

Other Parties Want Public Ownership

The other parties go further in their opposition to trusts, and some of them, especially the Populists, declare in favor of the public ownership and operation of all public utilities, including railroads, telegraph and telephone systems, coal mines, and so on

In Chicago last February an anti trust conference was held It continued for three days and was addressed by prominent men from different sections of the country. A regular platform was adopted It called on Congress to absorb the telegraph and telephone systems of the United States and run them in connection with the Post-Office Department; it sought to drive the private banks out of business; it demanded that Congress place on the free list all articles the sale of which in the United States was controlled by a trust, finally it resolved that the Government should take hold of and operate the railroads.

This conference, however, although prolific in discussions, did not make a deep impression upon the country.

Thirty Laws Against Trusts

When we get away from political rhetoric the trust problem grows even more interesting Much of the best thought of the country is concentrated upon it. Among the students of financial and industrial questions and conditions there seems to be an idea that the trust is here to stay. Professor Day, of Columbia University, holds that it must be considered a permanent factor in modern civilization. Doctor Hadley, of Yale, and other eminent men do not express much hope in the solution of the problem by political platforms and campaign speeches. With the conservative men the idea seems to be that all legislation affecting corporations and combinations must be experimental; that permanent regulation will come through experience as sifted and made binding by the courts

Congress and twenty-nine of the States have passed laws expressly designed and constructed to prohibit trusts, and yet the trusts have increased more rapidly since these laws were passed and have grown more in capitalization than ever before in the country's history.

"The trouble seems to be," says Doctor Whitten, "that any law drastic enough effectually to prohibit the trust will at the same time prohibit many forms of combination and organization recognized as highly beneficial. Thus far the labor organizations have been the principal sufferers from legislation intended solely to destroy trusts."

This, of course, is one of the extraordinary and totally unexpected developments of the situation.

No Uniformity in Trust Legislation

A still greater trouble is the lack of uniformity in the various laws. For instance, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia deliberately loosened and broadened their incorporation laws in order to increase the income of the State government by the fees. At the same time Massachusetts which is said to have the best corporation law in the country, has a state commissioner of corporations to examine and approve the certificate of organization, and compels every corporation to pay in the whole amount of its capital stock before it can begin business, and after that to make annual statements to the state commissioner, giving the details of meetings, shareholders, capital stock, assets and liabilities

The conviction is held by many that since the States will not adopt uniform laws the only remedy is for the National Government to take charge of the problem. As the first great step it is held that every corporation, every trust or combination shall be obliged to give full publicity to its affairs under heavy damages.

"Publicity serves the same function as street lighting," says one of these writers; "it furthers legitimate business and prevents crime."

All the serious students of the trust problem have declared that the first essential in the solution of it is this publicity

The Good and Bad in Combinations

Everybody recognizes that there are good combinations as well as bad ones. An ice trust that doubled prices to the poorer classes when the warm weather began—as it did in New York—or a sugar trust that adds thirty million dollars to its profits by securing control of independent refineries, and then raising the price of sugar six times in five weeks—as it did in May and June last—naturally and inevitably arouses the indignation and opposition of the people; but there are industries and interests needing large capital that could not exist without organization or combination of some kind or other. For instance, it is probable that if the steamship interests, at the head of which is Clement A Griscom, or the great Carnegie Mills, of which the Vice-President is Henry Phipps, did not have the means and the privileges of some sort of organization they could not reach the great results which are now easily, even if very profitably to those most interested, produced.

It is recognized universally that mere competition does not make trade. More money has been lost by rate cutting and under bidding and similar kinds of disorganization, which belong to competition carried to the extreme, than in any other way, and in the end the cost of it all has fallen upon the people—upon the small shareholders and the workers. So competition has its evils as well as organization

Still for the next three months we shall hear little but denunciations of trusts in general. It is the stormiest period of their stormy existence. But mere denunciation does little good except to call attention to facts and to emphasize the necessity for meeting new forces and conditions in our political and industrial life. The problem, after all, will not be solved by the oratory of the hustings but by the calm thought and patriotic effort of the serious people of the country

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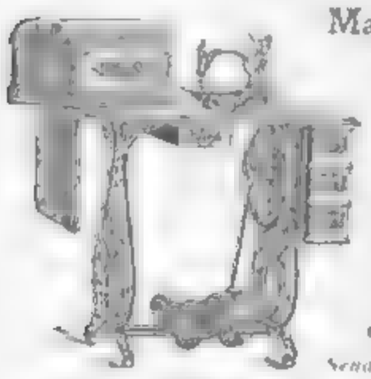

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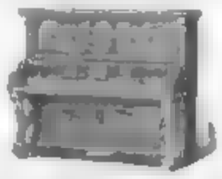

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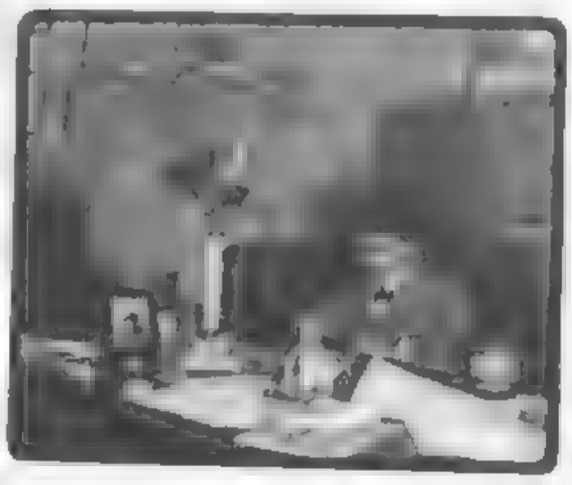
Stephen Crane *A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE*

By Hamlin Garland



Mr Crane in his study

THE death of Stephen Crane, far away in the mountains of Bavaria, seems to me at this moment a very sorrowful thing. He should have continued to be one of our most distinctive literary workers for many years to come. And yet I cannot say I am surprised. His was not the physical organization which runs on to old age. He was old at twenty.

It happened that I knew Crane when he was a boy and have had for some years exceptional opportunities for studying him In the summer of 1888 or 1889 I was lecturing for a seaside assembly at Avon, New Jersey The report of my first lecture (on The Local Novelists, by the way) was exceedingly well done in the Tribune and I asked for the name of the reporter. "He is a mere boy" was the reply of Mr. Albert, the manager of the [illegible] Bureau, "Stephen Crane [illegible] fell into talk of sports and he consented to practice baseball pitching with me. I considered him at this time a very good reporter and a capital catcher of curved balls—no more, and I said good-by to him two weeks later with no expectation of ever seeing him again

In the summer of '91, if I do not mistake, I was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert at their school in New York City when a curious book came to me by mail. It was a small yellow covered volume, hardly more than a pamphlet, without a publisher's imprint. The author's name was Johnstone Smith The story was called, Maggie, A Girl of the Streets, and the first paragraph described the battle of some street urchins with so much insight and with such unusual and vivid use of English that I became very much excited about it. Next day I mailed the book to Mr. Howells in order that he might share the discovery with me. The author had the genius which makes an old word new

His Difficulty in Finding a Publisher

On that very afternoon Crane called upon me and confessed that he had written the book and that he had not been able to get any one to publish it. Even the firm of printers who put it together refused to place their imprint upon it. He said that the bulk of the edition remained unsold and that he had sent the book to a number of critics and also to several ministers. On the cover of each copy (as on mine) was written, in diagonal lines, these words or their substance in Crane's beautiful script: "The reader of this story must inevitably be shocked, but let him persist and in the end he will find this story to be moral." I cannot remember exactly the quaint terms of this admonition, but these words give the idea.

I said to him: "I hardly dare tell you how good that story is. I have sent it to Mr. Howells as a 'find.' Go and see him when he has read it. I am sure he will like it."

He then told me he had been discharged from the staff of the Tribune. He seemed to be greatly encouraged by our conversation, and when he went away I talked with his friends about the book, which appealed to me with great power. I have it still. This desperate attempt of a young author to get a hearing is amusing to an outsider, but it was serious business with Crane ther

I did not see him again till in the autumn of 1892 when I went to New York to spend the winter. He wrote occasionally, saying, "Things go pretty slow with me, but I manage to live."

My brother Franklin was in Mr Herne's Shore Acres Company in those days, and as they were playing an all-season engagement at Daly's theatre we decided to take a little flat and camp together for the winter. Our flat was on One Hundred and Fifth Street, and there Crane visited us two or three times a week. He was always hungry and a little gloomy when he came, but my brother made a point of having an extra chop or steak ready for a visitor and Crane often chirped like a bird when he had finished dinner. We often smiled over it then, but it is a pleasure to us now to think we were able to cheer him when he needed it most

He was living at this time with a group of artists—"Indians" he called them—in the old studio building on East Twenty-third Street. I never called to see him there, but he often set forth their doings with grim humor. Most of them slept on the floor and painted on towels, according to his report Sometimes they ate, but they all smoked most villainous tobacco, for Crane smelled so powerfully of their "smoke-talks" that he filled our rooms with the odor. His fingers were yellow with cigarette reek, and he looked like a man badly nourished

Crane's Life with Artistic Indians

This crowd of artists, according to his story, spent their days in sleep and their nights in "pow-wows" around a big table where they beat and clamored and assaulted each other under a canopy of tobacco smoke. They hated the world. They were infuriated with all hanging committees and art editors, and each man believed religiously in his own genius. Linson was of those Crane mentioned, and Vosburg and Green. Together they covenanted to go out some bleak day and slay all the editors and art critics of the city

Crane at this time wore a light check suit and over it a long gray ulster which had seen much service. His habitual expression was a grim sort of smile. One day he appeared in my study with his outside pockets bulging with two rolls of manuscript. As he entered he turned ostentatiously to put down his hat and so managed to convey to my mind an impression that he was concealing something. His manner was embarrassed, as if he had come to do a thing and was sorry about it.

"Come now, out with it," I said. "What is the roll I see in your pocket?"

With a sheepish look he took out a fat roll of legal-cap paper and handed it to me with a careless, boyish gesture

"There's another," I insisted, and he still more abruptly delivered himself of another but smaller parcel.

I unrolled the first package and found it to be a sheaf of poems. I can see the initial poem now, exactly as it was then written, without blot or erasure—almost without punctuation—in blue ink. It was beautifully legible and clean of outline

It was the poem which begins thus

"God fashioned the ship of the world carefully."

I read this with delight and amazement I rushed through the others, some thirty in all, with growing wonder. I could not believe they were the work of the pale, reticent boy moving restlessly about the room.

"Have you any more?" I asked

His Poems in Little Rows in His Mind

"I've got five or six all in a little row up here," he quaintly replied, pointing to his temple "That's the way they come—in little rows, all made up, ready to be put down on paper."

"When did you write these?"

"Oh! I've been writing five or six every day. I wrote nine yesterday. I wanted to write some more last night, but those 'Indians' wouldn't let me do it. They howled over the other verses so loud they nearly cracked my ears. You see, we all live in a box together and I've no place to write, except right in the general squabble. They think my lines are funny. They make a circus of me." All this with a note of exaggeration, of course

"Never you mind," I replied; "don't you do a thing till you put all these verses down on paper."

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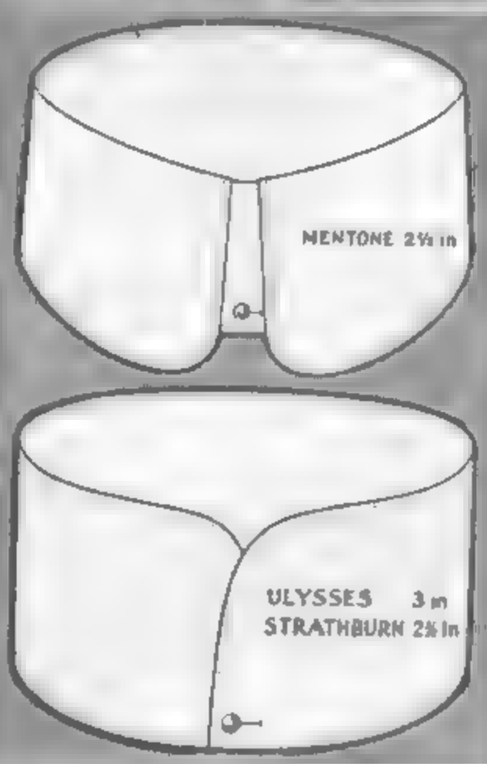

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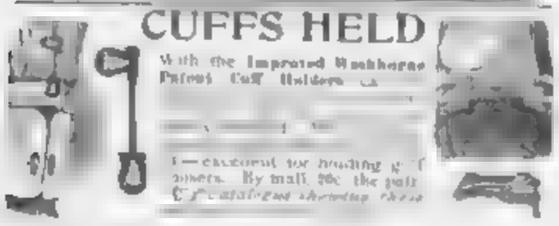

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"Over the Monon"

Leave CINCINNATI, 8:30 A. M., 8:30 A. M., 12:30 Noon, 6:45 P. M.
Arrive CHICAGO, 12:00 Noon, 5:50 P. M., 5:40 P. M., 7:25 A. M.

"I've got to eat," he said, and his smile was not pleasant.

"Well, let's consider. Can't we get some work for you to do? Some of these press syndicate men have just been after me to do short stories for them. Can't you do something there?"

"I'll try," he said, without much resolution. "I don't seem to be the kind of writer they want. The newspapers can't see me at all."

"Well, now, let's see what can be done. I'll give you a letter to Mr. Flower, of the Arena, and one to Mr. Howells. And I want to take these poems to Mr. Howells to-morrow; I'm sure he'll help you. He's kind to all who struggle.

Later in the meal I said: "Why don't you go down and do a study of this midnight bread-distribution which the papers are making so much of? Mr. Howells suggested it to me, but it isn't my field. It is yours. You could do it beyond anybody."

"I might do that," he said; "it interests me."

"Come to-morrow to luncheon," I said as he went away visibly happier; "perhaps I'll have something to report."

His Genius as Singular as that of Poe

I must confess I took the lines seriously. If they were the direct output of this unaccountable boy, then America had produced another genius, singular as Poe. I went with them at once to Mr. Howells, whose wide reading I knew and relied upon. He read them with great interest and immediately said:

"They do not seem to relate directly to the work of any other writer. They seem to be the work of a singularly creative mind. Of course they reflect the author's reading and sympathies, but they are not imitations."

When Crane came next day he brought the first part of a war story which was at that time without a name. The first page of this was as original as the verses, and it passed at once to the description of a great battle. Such mastery of details of war was sufficiently startling in a youth of twenty-one who had never smelled any more carnage than a firecracker holds, but the seeing was so keen, the phrases so graphic, so fresh, so newly coined, that I dared not express to the boy a face my admiration. I asked him to leave the story with me. I said:

"Did you do any more 'lines'?"

He looked away bashfully.

"Only six."

"Let me see them."

As he handed them out he said: "Got three more waiting in line. I could do one now."

"Sit down and try," I said, glad of his offer, for I could not relate the man to his work.

He took a seat and began to write steadily, composedly, without hesitation or blot or interlineation, and so produced in my presence one of his most powerful verses. It flowed from his pen as smooth as oil.

The next day I asked for the other half of the novel. "We must get this published at once," I said. "It is a wonderful study. A mysterious product for you to have in hand. Where is the other part?"

He looked very much embarrassed. "It's in 'hock,'" he said.

"To whom?"

"To the typewriter."

We all laughed, but it was serious business to him. He could see the humor of the situation, but there was a bitter rebellion in his voice.

"How much is it 'hung up' for?"

"Fifteen dollars!"

I looked at my brother. "I guess we can spare that, don't you think?"

So Crane went away joyously and brought the last half of The Red Badge of Courage, still unnamed at the time. He told us that the coming of that story was just as mysterious as in the case of the verses, and I can believe it. It literally came of its own accord like sap flowing from a tree.

I gave him such words of encouragement as I could. "Your future is secure. A man who can write The Red Badge of Courage can not be forever a lodger in a bare studio."

He replied: "That may be, but if I had some money to buy a new suit of clothes I'd feel my grip tighten on the future."

"You'll laugh at all this—we all go through it," said I.

"It's ridiculous, but it doesn't make me laugh," he said soberly.

My predictions of his immediate success did not come true. The Red Badge of Courage and Maggie were put through the Syndicate with very slight success. They left Crane almost as poor as before.

Why He Did Not Go into Society

In one of his letters, in April, he wrote: "I have not been up to see you because of various strange conditions—notably my toes are coming through one shoe and I have not been going out into society as much as I might. I mail you last Sunday's Press. I've moved now—live in a flat. People can come to see me now. They come in shoals and say I am a great writer. Counting five that are sold, four that are unsold and six that are mapped out, I have fifteen short stories in my head and out of it. They'll make a book. The Press people pied some of Maggie as you will note."

I saw little of him during '93 and '94, but a letter written in May, '94, revealed his condition:

"I have not written you because there has been little to tell of late. I am plodding along on the Press in a quiet and effective way. We now eat with charming regularity at least two times per day. I am content and am writing another novel which is a bird. . . . I am getting lots of free advertising. Everything is coming along nicely now. I have got the poetic spout so that I can turn it on or off. I wrote a Decoration Day thing for the Press which aroused them to enthusiasm. They said in about a minute, though, that I was firing over the heads of the soldiers. . . ."

His allusion to free advertising means that the critics were wrangling over The Black Riders and Maggie. But the public was not interested. I had given him a letter to a Syndicate Press Company, and with them he had left the manuscript of his war novel. In a letter written in November, 1894, he makes sad mention of his lack of success.

"My Dear Friend: So much of my row with the world has to be silence and endurance that sometimes I wear the appearance of having forgotten my best friends, those to whom I am indebted for everything. As a matter of fact, I have just crawled out of the fifty-third ditch into which I have been cast, and I now feel that I can write you a letter which will not make you ill. ——— put me in one of the ditches. He kept The Red Badge six months until I was near mad. Oh, yes—he was going to use it, but—— Finally I took it to B. They use it in January in a shortened form. I have just completed a New York book that leaves Maggie at the post. It is my best thing. Since you are not here I am going to see if Mr. Howells will not read it. I am still working for the Press."

English Critics Made Crane Famous

At this point his affairs took a sudden turn and he was made the figure I had hoped to see him two years before. The English critics spoke in highest praise of The Red Badge, and the book became the critical bone of contention between military objectors and literary enthusiasts here at home, and Crane became the talk of the day. He was accepted as a very remarkable literary man of genius.

He was too brilliant, too fickle, too erratic to last. Men cannot go on doing stories like The Red Badge of Courage. The danger with such highly individual work lies in this—the words which astonish, the phrases which excite wonder and admiration, come eventually to seem like tricks. They lose force with repetition, and come at last to be absolutely distasteful. The Red Badge of Courage was marvelous, but manifestly Crane could not go on doing such work. If he wrote in conventional phrase his power lessened. If he continued to write in his own phrases he came under the charge of repeating himself.

It seems now that he was destined from the first to be a sort of present-day Poe. His was a singular and daring soul, as irresponsible as the wind. He was a man to be called a genius, for we call that power genius which we do not easily understand or measure. I have never known a man whose source of power was so unaccounted for.

The fact of the matter seems to be this. Crane's mind was more largely subconscious in its workings than that of most men. He did not understand his own mental processes or resources. When he put pen to paper he found marvelous words, images, sentences, pictures already to be drawn off and fixed upon paper. His pen was "a spout," as he says. The farther he got from his own field, his own inborn tendency, the weaker he became. Such a man cannot afford to enter the white-hot public thoroughfare, for his genius is of the lonely and the solitary shadow land.

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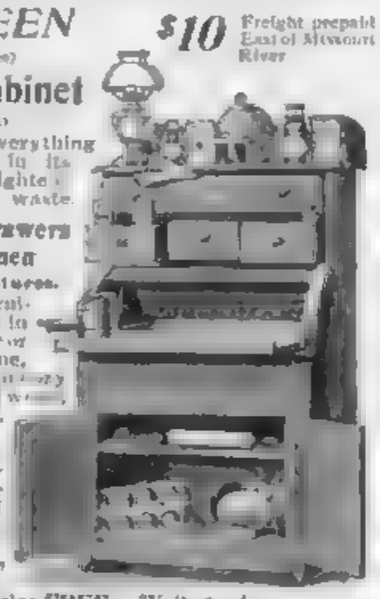

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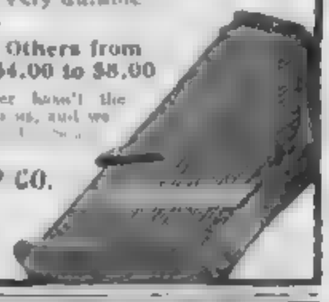

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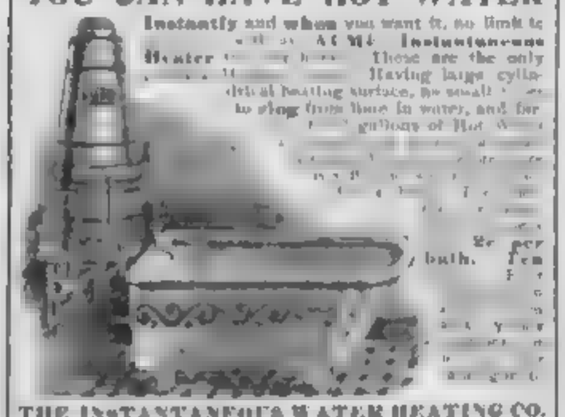

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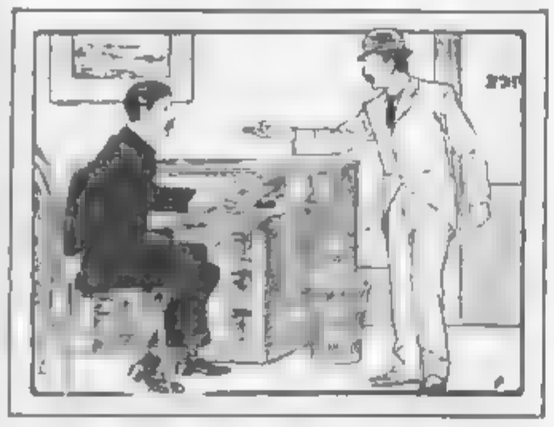
The American Temperance Life Insurance Association
Mention this magazine. 253 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Tales of the Credit Man

By Harlow N. Higinbotham



ONE of the most interesting examples of how a young credit man may, by the exercise of patience, persistence, courage and resourcefulness, save his house from being robbed of hundreds of dollars and win the approval of his employers, was an experience which came to a young man in the employ of my house. As this also shows one of the cleverest schemes by which the wholesaler is defrauded, the incident will serve a useful purpose

Failing to hear anything from a customer in Decatur, Illinois, who had established a fair credit and bought a large amount of merchandise, we immediately started out one of the young men in our credit department. This assignment seemed to please him, and he took hold of the work with a keenness and enthusiasm which indicated that he would ferret the matter out if it could possibly be unearthed. At the very start he made the interesting discovery that a man purporting to come from our house had rushed into the freight house, before the goods had been actually shipped, and informed the freight agent that they should be sent to Waterloo, Iowa, instead of to Decatur. This gave the young man his clew, and he armed himself with letters to the freight officials and station agents of the various railroads to which the trail was likely to lead.

At Waterloo, Iowa, he found that the goods had been diverted to Sioux City. There, for the time being, he apparently "lost the scent" as the trail seemed to vanish into thin air. A less determined and resourceful young man would, perhaps, have abandoned the chase at this point, but the mysterious disappearance of the goods only incited the man who was following them to greater efforts. With true detective instinct he at once began to make inquiry among the draymen, and found that certain of them had hauled goods answering the description of our boxes across the entire city, and that the invoice had been split into two separate shipments and forwarded by different roads to separate destinations. From town to town he followed the two trails until they met in Omaha. At this point he was again well-nigh thrown off the scent, but his perseverance and keenness were eventually rewarded by hitting upon a clew which enabled him to trace the goods to a warehouse, where they had been hidden away in evident security.

It scarcely need be said that the young man who did this work thoroughly established himself in the good graces of the house and was marked for advancement and larger responsibilities. Opportunities of this kind are constantly occurring in the credit department of every large wholesale house, and the young man who has the energy, courage and resourcefulness to "wrest victory from the jaws of defeat" will certainly be pushed to the front

An Amusing Instance of Honesty

Occasionally, however, the credit man meets with an instance of such transparent honesty that he is the one to be overwhelmed. Such an occurrence came to one of our city credit men who had a favorite customer named O'Brien. The latter was a man of sterling worth and admirable force of character. He had been born in the atmosphere of a saloon and his earliest business training was in a disreputable place of this kind. Finally, when O'Brien married and became the father of several keen and attractive children, his eyes were opened and he determined to leave his old life behind him and bring up his children among associations of a far different character from those with which his childhood and youth had been surrounded

In pursuit of this manly and progressive policy he went into the general merchandise business in the vicinity of "The Dump" and became one of the most respected and substantial men in his community. And he was more jealous, perhaps, of his standing in the esteem of his neighbors than if he had always enjoyed their fullest confidence. All his perplexities and troubles were shared with the credit man to whom I have referred and every important move had to be submitted to the dictum of his adviser

After many years of prosperity and influence O'Brien came to the credit desk in a state of excitement which rendered him almost incoherent. He declared that he was immediately going to the store of a competitor to give that individual a beating that would send him to the hospital for the season. "He's been telling my neighbors that I've been a liar, a thafe an' a scoundrel," said O'Brien, "and it'll be gettin' to the ears of the childers soon, I'm thinkin unless I stop his mouth with my fist." The credit man, in the attempt to calm and assure him, said:

"But why pay any attention to his slanders?—he can't prove them."

"Ah! that's just th' trouble! He can do all that! Didn't he know me in the days when I had as bad a place as could be found in the neighborhood of the Yards?"

It was useless to argue against such candor, but he was at last persuaded to go back to his store and leave his reputation in the hands of his neighbors, who knew the rectitude and honor of his daily life. The pacific plea of the credit man unquestionably saved the competitor a terrible beating and O'Brien a public scandal. But the ingenuousness of his confession has passed into the traditions of the credit department.

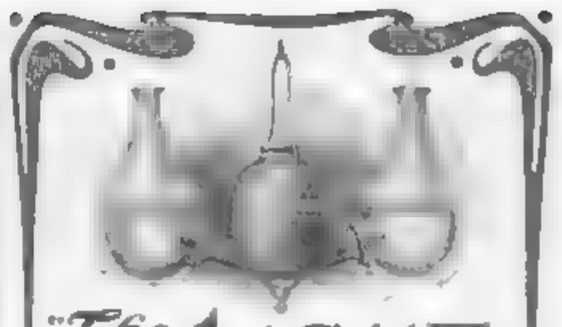
What Credit Means—How it is Handled

Occasionally the credit man finds it expedient to take a position which would seem, in the eyes of the outsider, to be little short of absurd. Not infrequently, too, this attitude is a result of the peculiarities of the situation developed by the bankruptcy law. Here is a case in point:

A customer made an assignment and then brought forward a proposition to compromise on the basis of twenty cents on the dollar. When he had explained his situation and stated that all his other principal creditors had agreed to that adjudication, he was astounded to receive the reply: "When you get ready to pay us one hundred cents on the dollar, come in and settle your account; we do not care to compromise it and prefer to wait until you can pay in full." In view of the fact that we had small confidence in the honesty of the man, this position might appear to have been a very strange one. The result, however, was very satisfactory. In order to secure a discharge of his entire indebtedness and start into business again with a clean slate, he came and paid every dollar of his account.

In determining whether to help a customer over a crisis in his affairs and attempt to establish him on a sounder footing many things must be taken into consideration, the principal ones being his worthiness and his business ability and prospects. Credit means confidence in both moral and material worth, and the customer who is worth nursing must show soundness in both these particulars. He may be radically honest and at the same time lack the elements of success which warrant the house in an attempt to help him over a hard place. It must be remembered that failure does not necessarily imply an inability to pay one's debts. In the commercial sense it often means simply a failure to succeed, to score financial advancement, to make headway in the gain of trade. Men who barely manage to exist and to keep their affairs in a state of solvency, while every year diminishes the prospects before them, can hardly be classed as other than failures, and these are not the tradesmen to whom the credit man is justified in extending the largest possible assistance. Generally speaking, the men of this class are well advanced in years and entered mercantile life after their youth had been spent in some other pursuit.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of papers by Mr. Higinbotham. The first paper appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of June 23



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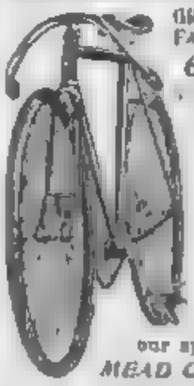

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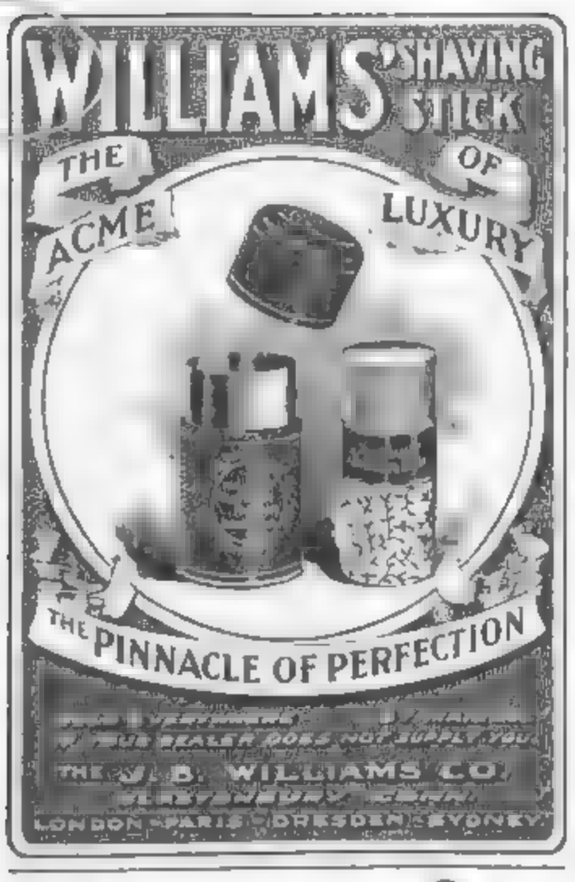

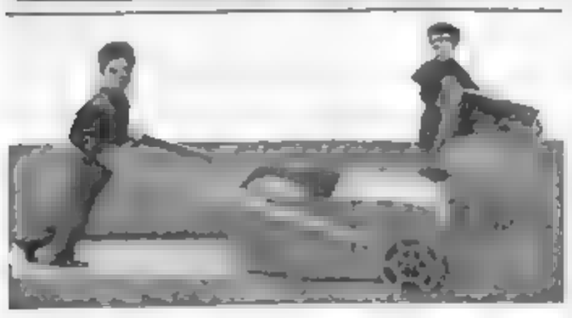

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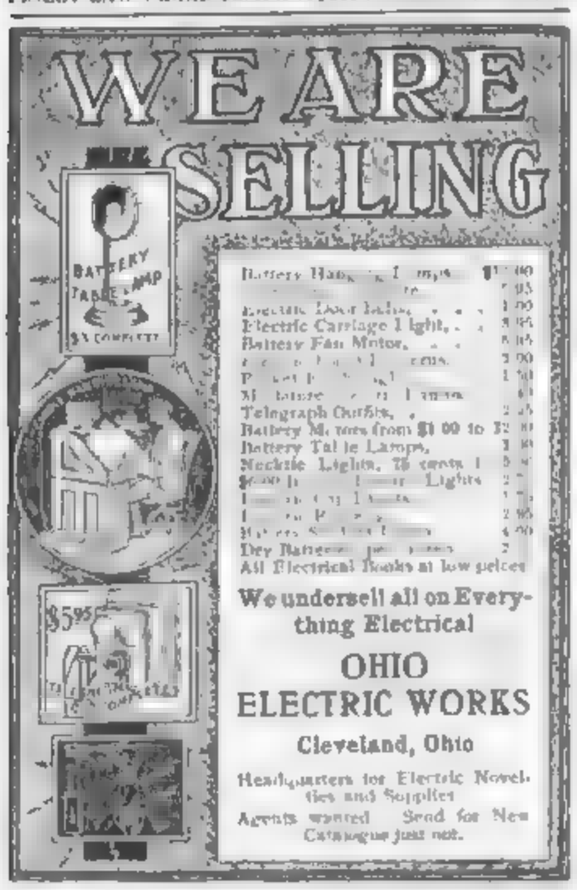

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

WHEN a notable man of letters is forced to withdraw from the literary centre of his country the loss is usually, in the main, a personal one to the people whom he saw from day to day and in no sense a great public misfortune. For, after all, the author is to the public merely his books, so very small is the number of his readers who can actually know the man himself. If from the solitude of a country cottage he can send forth his books nothing else much matters. But the fact that ill health sent Mr. William Ernest Henley away from London to live at Worthing, on the south coast of England, and that in order to keep the moderate degree of good health to which he has attained he must continue his banishment from town, is an almost tragic misfortune

Mr. Henley's position in literary Britain was a peculiar one. Distinguished though his own work in poetry and criticism is, he was perhaps best known for the number of young men of talent whom he discovered and put upon the right path to develop their special abilities. He was almost the ideal editor, and though his paper, The National Observer, had neither a long nor a financially successful career, half the cleverest young men in England at the moment owe their start to it. Their attitude toward Mr. Henley was one of almost adoration, yet the relationship was of the simplest and heartiest type. The master was never so happy as when surrounded by his "ruffians," as he affectionately called his young men.

Hope and the Seedy Author

When you can find an author whose writings are wittily cynical and worldly you can generally be sure that he is spending a great deal of time, in private life, taking trouble in other people's affairs and helping them out of difficulties.

People who read The Dolly Dialogues, and also the reports of the Authors' Society, in London, would find something of this contrast in Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. He is a hard-working member of the society, and many a day his own work stands still while he goes through piles of documents to see how the society can help some writer to gain his rights in a lawsuit or copyright case.

Mr. Hawkins believes very much in men of letters standing by each other, and he has worked tremendously hard to help on the fund which the society is trying to accumulate, from which pensions are to be paid to authors whose literary merit has not brought them a corresponding income, and who view increasing years with fear.

It is to be feared that Mr. Hawkins' views on this subject send a good many shabby men to his rooms in Buckingham Street, by the Embankment Gardens, with tales of literary failure told in the hope of getting a few shillings. And although the novelist is too shrewd a judge of men not to recognize an occasional fraud he is also kind-hearted. There is a story of a man who exclaimed, on leaving Mr. Hawkins with something in his pocket: "Oh, sir, I feel that Providence must have sent me to you!" And the reply came with a twinkle in his benefactor's eye: "Let us hope, however, that Providence will not acquire the habit of doing so."

The Ghosts of Brede Place

Brede Place, in Sussex, where Stephen Crane lived during his last illness, seems to have been a desolate and uncanny sort of a place. An English friend of Crane, a well known cricketer and the kind of man who would not be liable to nervous fears, says that a visit there was one of the most curious experiences of his life. He arrived at the railway station at Rye at nightfall on a dull November day. Crane met him and drove him home, urging his high-mettled horses through the dripping Sussex lanes at breakneck speed and in utter darkness.

Coming through a large park the house loomed up before them, an enormous stone structure with only faint glimmering lights in a few of the windows. A kind of ancient and decayed serving man opened the door, holding a flickering candle. Within, the enormous stone-vaulted rooms were mostly quite bare and dark. In a few of them the occupants seemed to have camped, putting in a little simple furniture and making cheer with an open fire and a few candles.

The visitor that night was to sleep in the "priest's chamber," an enormous room with a tiny oratory and a writing closet opening from it. He says nothing as to whether he believes in ghosts or not, but he declares that such an unearthly patter and rattle and moaning went on in his bedchamber that night that he never slept a moment, but lay shivering in nervous agitation.

Brede Place is haunted with the remembrance of some centuries of English tenants. Is it possible that the young American life which flickered out so soon, and which had known and loved the house, may leave there some kind of ghostly memory?

Unprofessional Mrs. Walford

There are ways and ways of being literary, and an author may write books, and good ones, too, and never suggest by his manner or the company he keeps that he is a literary personage. This is Mrs. L. B. Walford's way. Popular novelist and industrious worker though she is, she has none of the earmarks of the woman writer. She belongs to no literary clique, makes no addresses at women's clubs, has no especial theories about art written with a capital A. She reads most of the new books and talks well about them. She is not, however, violently interested in personal details about their authors, and would probably forget to wonder whether any author made much out of his New Zealand serial rights or whether he got a ten per cent. or a fifteen per cent. royalty in Canada. Mrs. Walford is, in short, a most unprofessional novelist.

She is a constant worker. When she is at home in her London house she writes every day in a little workroom which has been made out of what was originally a conservatory at the back of the house. But even on travels and holidays, such as the one she had this spring on the Riviera with her husband, she still writes. There are two sons, one now at the front in South Africa, and the other at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. And at home are three girls who think that to be a soldier is the finest thing in the world.

Richard Hovey's Famous Line

Few men of letters were more versatile and many-sided than the late Richard Hovey, who died last spring, just as he was beginning to be recognized as a writer with a brilliant future. Critic, translator, opera singer, divinity student and college professor, successively, he was ever a poet with a true poet's unswerving loyalty to his art. Some of the most charming of Mr. Hovey's verse may be found in Songs from Vagabondia and More Songs from Vagabondia—two little volumes of light-hearted song which he wrote in conjunction with Mr. Bliss Carman. Examples of his more serious work are to be found in Along the Trail and in his Arthurian masques and dramas.

Mr. Hovey's admirers make up in loyalty for what they lack in numbers; but perhaps they do not go too far in saying that his death was a severe blow to American letters. Whether or not Mr. Hovey's verse shall live, his name will go down through the years in a footnote to history which will record the fact that it was he who gave the nation the famous slogan, "Remember the Maine." The phrase occurs thus in a poem written the day after the destruction of the battleship

"Ye who remembered the Alamo, remember the Maine,
Ye who unfettered the slave, break a free people's chain.

Only a little while before his death Mr. Hovey wrote for The Saturday Evening Post the following lines addressed to Mr. Kipling which are now printed for the first time

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

What need have you of praising? Could I find
Some lonely poet no one praises yet,
I rather would choose him, that he might know
A fellow-craftsman knew him, marked him, loved.
But you—the whole world praises you. What need
Have you of any speech I have to give?
Yet for the craft's sake I must not be dumb,
And for the craft's sake you will pardon me.
But I had rather meet you face to face,
And talk of other and indifferent things,
And say no word of all that I would say
(Praise and thanksgiving for your splendid song,
Praise and the pride of the Empires of the Blood),
But leave you, silent, as we English do—
And you would know, and you would understand!

—RICHARD HOVEY

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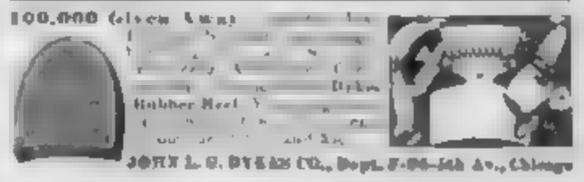

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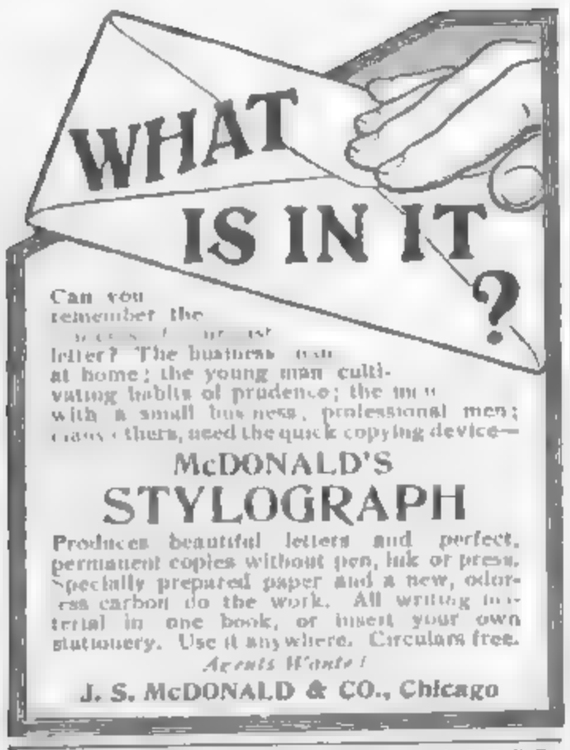

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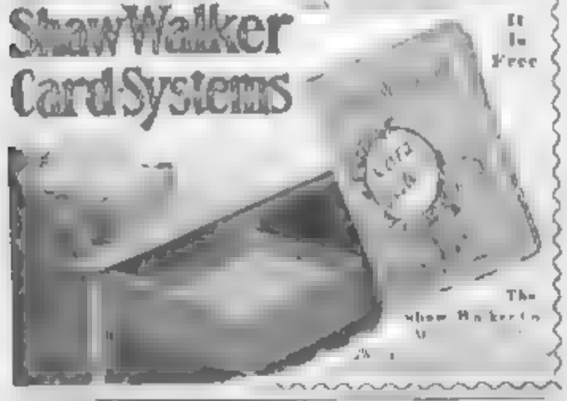

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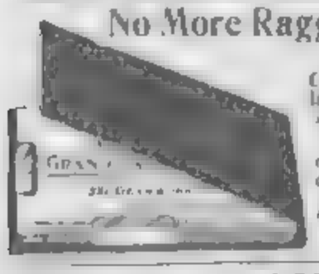

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Cheesai Willie San

By Captain Musgrove Davis (Charles O. Shepard)

CHEESAI, in Japanese, signifies small or little, and *san* is a suffix of respect, about the equivalent of the English Mister; hence Cheesai Willie San means Little Mr. Willie. That was what the tiny American was called

He was about thirteen years of age when the explosion of a high-pressure boiler of the steamer City of Yeddo made him fatherless His mother and one small sister made up the remainder of the family, and poor indeed they were. The worthy woman struggled bravely, and turned her hands to anything that presented itself. She tried washing, but the "heathen Chinee" soon demonstrated the impossibility of getting a living in that field Do what she might, a hollow-eyed deficit always stared her in the face. Even my granite heart demanded that I now and then make to her "deficiency appropriations." Callous as I had become through long exposure to the solicitations of stranded Americans, the mute appeal of facts softened my heart where a begging word would have failed.

On many a Sunday morning the following conversation—in Japanese—took place between my faithful, tender-hearted *major domo* and me

"Have you seen the mother?" He soon came to know who "the mother" was

"No, master; not yet."

"You must go—go soon

"Yes, I will as you say."

Returning half an hour afterward

"Master, I went. They have little to eat. I am so sorry."

"Go call little Mr. Willie here."

And little Mr. Willie always went home full of breakfast, tears and gratitude, with a hamper loaded, and a few coins besides.

I was, *ex officio*, the guardian of every under-aged American orphan, and Cheesai Willie San was, therefore, constantly on my mind. Early and late I met the little chap with his jolly, eager face, always doing something to earn an *itzibu*. Sometimes I was able to recommend him to American travelers as a guide to the Japanese shops, and his familiarity with the English and Japanese languages made him exceedingly useful to the purchaser and no mean breadwinner to his mother.

It so happened that Yokohama abounded in bachelors, a species of human being whose right to exist is sometimes called in question. Willie's mother, however, one day discovered that the Yokohama questionables at least had a real, practical reason for being, namely: to furnish darning and mending for needy American widows—a discovery which she followed up with excellent results to all concerned. Thus for a year or two there were no holes in unmarried stockings, and no deficits in a certain family treasury.

Early one Monday morning Willie's bright face appeared beside my desk.

"Well, what is it now, my little man?" I asked

"That's just it, Mr. Consul," he replied "It's because I *am* almost a man that I want to do a man's work Haven't you got something in the consulate, sir?

"What do you want to do, Willie San?"

"Anything, sir, anything

"How much do you want for doing it?"

"Anything, sir."

On the instant a brilliant plan occurred to me, so I said: "Well, Willie, have you plenty of courage?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt answer.

"There is something I want done, Willie, but any one who begins must go all the way through with it. Are you sure of yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you spell?"

"Yes, sir, so's I can understand it—but maybe you wouldn't."

"That doesn't matter so much, Willie, for the work will teach you just how to spell When will you start?"

"Now, sir."

I ordered a table to be placed in one corner of my office and, providing pen, ink and about a ream of paper, directed Willie to sit down. I then put before him a Worcester's Dictionary, simply remarking, "I want an exact copy made of that," and resumed my work without even a look at him

I ignored my new employee as long as possible, but curiosity soon proved too strong for me, and I stole a glance out of the corner of my eye, only to find him working away utterly oblivious of everything but his task.

When four o'clock came I announced that that was the usual hour of stopping work. Willie piled up his book and papers neatly, and with a respectful bow and a *sayonara* (good-day), departed.

The second day was like the first, and so on until Monday came again, and with it my little clerk, bright and brave as ever. As the second week wore on I began to be uneasy and to ask myself whether I had not caught a Tartar. Pride kept me to the bargain, however, until the end of the third week, when I had paid out to the little chap the sum of nine *rios*—about nine dollars

A fourth week went by and the cost of my fun had mounted up to twelve *rios* without the least sign of discouragement—on Willie's part.

Calling the little hero to my side, I asked,

"Willie San, are you satisfied with your work?"

"Yes, sir," he answered. "Are you?"

"Well, Willie San," said I, "I am satisfied that you are a little brick, and I am happy and proud to confess that you have beaten me at my own game."

"What do you mean by your own game, sir?" he asked in open-eyed wonder.

I did not deem it necessary to explain just then, but said: "I think we'll quit this job, Willie. I've about concluded to buy another dictionary—if I need one. Here is your balance, and I'll put you into the post-office next Monday"—I was postmaster among other things. "But tell me, my boy, how long would you have kept to that dreary task of copying the dictionary?"

"Until it was finished, sir. Then I should have had money enough to take mother and sister home and carry me through college," was his quick and frank response.

I surrendered.

Time went on and Cheesai Willie San performed well all that was required of him in his new position

One day the boy came to inform me that he had bought a rabbit, and asked if I would allow him a day off so that he might go to the neighboring city of Tokyo and sell it Of course I gave him the desired permission

I should explain that about the years 1872-3 the Japanese took a silly craze, first for rabbits and next for pigs, two species of animals not indigenous to the country, and speculation ran riot upon them. I have known a miserable rabbit to bring the incredible sum of five hundred dollars. Exchanges were even organized in which, like stocks or wheat, the animals were bought and sold over and over again in a single day upon certificates, without the purchaser ever seeing his property

Willie had no exchange membership, however, so he proposed hiring a *jinrikisha* and, with bunny in his lap, going to seek a buyer in Tokyo.

His knowledge of the language served him well, and he found a purchaser soon after arriving in the capital. The next morning he exhibited to me thirty rios as the net profit of his transaction. I shall never, I

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hope, forget the look of transcendent pride and joy that lighted up his bonny face as he told of his first mercantile venture, nor his intensely eager, "Oh, sir, I could make *loxon* (plenty) if I only had more *kinsats* (money)"

Did I furnish the small merchant the needed capital? Haven't I already owned that I was practically a fool about that boy? Yes, I let him have a hundred dollars, and in two weeks he paid it all back and had five hundred dollars for himself besides. He cried and laughed and laughed and cried as he counted it out before me, and just to make him feel comfortable—not that I was at all affected by his enthusiasm—I laughed and shed a tear or two myself. A graven image could have done no less.

When his excitement had moderated I said: "Now, Willie, will you keep your head if I propose something? Remember mother and sister, and don't, as most grown folks would in your place, make a fool of yourself!"

He promised, and I told him that I would pay his passage—which I could get at a reduced rate—and he, taking his five hundred dollars—and perhaps a little more—should go to San Francisco with letters of introduction to ex-Governor Low and others, there invest in rabbits and pigs, and hurry back before the craze should die out. The little man's delight at my proposition was unbounded. He laughed again, and jumped and clapped his hands and tried to thank me, but instead burst out crying. However, I understood, and presently we had everything planned

It was no easy matter to gain the mother's consent to the voyage, but I finally secured it, and in a week that fifteen-year-old boy was off, in the care of the Captain. While on shipboard he bore himself most discreetly, and even earned a little extra money by copying for the purser. He was received with open arms by my friends in San Francisco, who vied with each other in helping him to buy to the best advantage. I even suspect, too, that they failed to report to him the whole cost of the menagerie. Suffice it to say that he took the same steamer back in a few days, having with him a goodly stock of rabbits and little pigs

The three-weeks' voyage told severely on the former; so much so that about one quarter of them died *en route*. But Nature intervened and brought it about that on landing he nevertheless found himself actually possessed of more rabbits than on leaving San Francisco; an unearned increment for which I hope he was properly thankful.

In due time our little merchant reappeared at the consulate in robust health and spirits. The Japanese custom-house authorities let him through easily. Even his rivals in trade helped him along, so that in two weeks Cheesai Willie San disposed of his entire stock at a profit of no less than five thousand dollars. This statement seems incredible, but people who were in the Land of the Rising Sun during that pig rabbit insanity period will bear me out as to the probability of the statement

Our hero brought all his gains to me and begged to be allowed to repeat his venture. Older heads, however, saw the beginning of the end of the pig-rabbit mania, and with his unfailing good sense he accepted our advice, and, instead of another speculation, took his mother, his sister and his five thousand dollars to their former home in the States and there gave himself up to study. At Yale he partly met expenses by the sale of books and stationery, and in due time was graduated with honor. During the same years his mother was earning support by needlework, and so, between them, they were able to give the sister, also, a good education

For a profession Willie chose civil engineering, and went to the West to grow up with the country. Railway men soon recognised his ability. He got ahead rapidly and he now signs himself, "Superintendent of the —— Railway."

Little Mr. Willie is now a big, manly fellow in heart and body. He is forty-two years of age, grand to look upon; for the man has fulfilled the promise of the boy. The sister, too, is well, and happily married.

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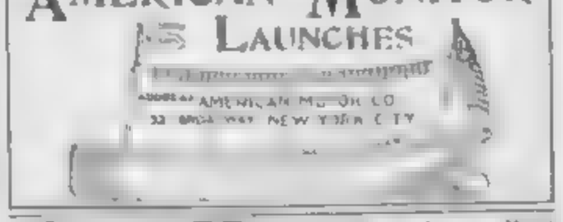

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Americans in Paris

I HAVE tried almost every kind of locomotion, from the small and sombre donkey to the joyous little automobile—the two-wheeled one that has steel lungs and breathes petroleum. As for the hippomobile, that is an old story now. But as far as I can remember I had never ridden—until the other day—in a humanomobile. Perhaps in the long ago my nurse used to trundle me about in one (in those days they were called perambulators), but I do not remember about it.

It was at the Exposition; in these days it is always at the Exposition. A meagre little man came by, pushing a wheel chair. The chair was yellow; the wheels were rubber-tired; the seat was large and comfortable. When I sat down the little vehicle groaned and wailed. When we started the wheels sounded as if they were grinding coffee.

"Look out! Look out there, please!" the little man behind the chair kept shouting, as he steered his way through the 200,000 people who chanced to be in the Exposition that day. "Please, look out!"

The mere people who went on foot stared at us and said things, they said: "That's nice, isn't it? To see a poor, tired little man like that [illegible] such a [illegible] lazy [illegible] kind-hearted people say. "Perhaps [illegible] ame." And an old gentleman hobbling by smartly on his cane, said: "There's the young generation for you! That's what we've come to!"

Always the little man pushed and the humanomobile went on its way, groaning.

"You're not tired?" I asked.

"Tired! You must think you're a bigger man than you are. *Ha!*" and he started off at a trot.

"I have to explain things, too," he added, "it's my business to instruct you and wheel you for fifty two cents an hour—and all that goes to the patron; all I get is what you are going to give me for myself. This building here to your right is the Italian church, and that's Spain."

The humanomobile went on; it crossed the Pont de l'Alma and wandered through the colonies; at last: "This is the street of Paris—these are all theatres."

Turn About Fair Play

My little pusher was panting; passers-by made remarks; a woman said, "The poor man!" and then with a glance that made me red all over she cried, "*Sale Anglais!*" and flounced away. Vaguely I remembered a fable of my youth. It was that of the old man and his son and his donkey who were on the way to market. I descended from the rolling arm-chair and said to the little man in the dusty green coat: "Get in here, my friend; I'll push for a while." We had advanced scarcely ten steps when we met the same flouncing woman who had said things about us. I glanced up at her, expecting approbation. What she said was: "Look at that crazy foreigner pushing the chair! Well, I never!" and a crowd gathered.

The moral of Æsop's fable went right to my heart. Ay! Ay! But it's hard to please one's contemporaries! It doesn't make any difference whether you carry the donkey or ride him, people will have their say. But you know when one starts in one never likes to give up; for my part I daresay I should have been wheeling that dusty little chairman about the Exposition yet had I not met Paderewski. I bowed to him and shook his hand, and said I was doing it for exercise, but from the way he looked at me I fancy he knows his Æsop.

Paderewski is getting stouter; he looked rosy and happy. "You had a good time in the United States?" I asked.

"One hundred and seventy thousand dollars' worth of a good time," he said.

"You spent all that?" I asked.

"No," said the pianist, "I brought it away with me.

Dr. Evans' Luncheon Invitation

Dr. Thomas W. Evans, you know, was the famous American dentist who pulled the aching teeth of Royalty and built a palace here in Paris, which he left—when there came a time when he had to leave everything—to the city of Philadelphia. Very well; it is this palace that the city of Paris has leased as a hostel for its Royal visitors.

King Oscar has just been entertained there. As Doctor Evans had gold stopped five teeth for him the King felt quite at home.

Doctor Ryckert, another American, has succeeded to the old dentist's fame and favor here in Paris, and he, oddly enough, was the first man King Oscar "commanded" to come and see him. And here's the story.

A few years ago Doctor Ryckert, who is an amateur botanist, was hunting uncanny plants in the environs of Stockholm. One morning he met a white-bearded old fellow, who was also busy in the engaging task of botanizing. They made up to each other and exchanged specimens and talked botany.

"I'm staying at an inn near here where we could get a bit of luncheon; won't you come?" the American asked, after a while.

"Why not come and lunch with me?" said the old man; "there will be only ourselves and my wife."

Doctor Ryckert accepted; they walked on and came to the Royal Palace.

"Come in," said the old man; "you see, I'm the King and I had to bring you here—but I wish I could have gone with you to your inn."

Lachaume's Forgotten Nationality

There is nothing gets into a man's accent and manners—nothing gets quite so deep into his blood and marrow—as Americanism. I once knew an Englishman who spent two months in New York and went back to London talking like a Connecticut farmer. And the man who has traveled in America—no matter where he was born—absorbs all sorts of racial qualities from the hills and prairies and from wooden sidewalks and brick streets.

Aimé Lachaume has only been an American for seven years and he is more American than Colonel Roosevelt. This season he traveled on his concert tour 38,000 miles—from San Francisco and Portland to all the great cities South and West; it is a journey. Seven years of this sort of thing would Americanize the Shah.

In all these years Lachaume had never been back to Paris, though in the Boulevard Berthier there was an old-fashioned mansion, in an old fashioned garden, where a white-haired mother sat waiting for him to come. Here in France there is a compulsory military service, and the young musician could not bring himself to spend three years in the army, numbing his brain and ruining his artistic fingers; anyway, he had become an American.

But this year in Old Japan—a pantomime for which I am not guiltless and for which he composed the music—was to be produced in Paris. So he decided to come over, and the French Government and the American Government debated about the young composer who should have been a soldier. Finally, through the exertions of Mr. Hay and the French Consul-General in New York, Lachaume received a little green card that admitted him to France. (On the way over he gave a concert on board and raised one thousand dollars for the disabled sailor-men of the two Republics.)

It was midnight when he reached the Saint Lazare station in Paris. He left his luggage at the custom house and rushed for a cab.

"Here," he said; "I'm in a hurry—drive to 79 Boulevard Berthier."

The cabman stared at him—Lachaume stared at the cabman—finally he remembered that he had been talking United States, and very apologetically and with an American accent he gave the address in French. At the old fashioned hotel in the Boulevard Berthier every one was asleep. Lachaume rang and rang; he looked up at the windows, curtained and black, and felt like the prodigal son; at last one of the servants came down.

"*Qui est là?*" she asked timidly.

"It's I—it's me—it's I!" Lachaume shouted; "hurry up there!"

He had forgotten again and was talking good United States; the frightened maid called some one and there was a discussion behind the door; and all the while Lachaume was pushing the electric bell. [illegible]

Then the door opened and a white-haired woman threw herself in his arms and the tall young American remembered that he was not an American after all—that he was a Paris boy and her boy. Americanism is a good thing and it gets into one's blood like iron; there is only one thing stronger—that is home.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

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A Treaty of Peace

(Continued from Page 5)

"So be it, then. Shall I go to the Khedive and say that this night Mustapha Bey, eldest and chosen son of Selamlik Pasha, the darling of his fat heart, was seized by the Chief Eunuch, the gentle Mizraim, in the harem of His Highness? Shall I tell him that, Trousers?"

As Dicky spoke, slowly, calmly, Selamlik Pasha turned a greenish yellow, his eyes started out of his head, his hand grasped at the air.

"Mustapha Bey—seized in the Khedive's harem!" he answered in a husky voice, staring at Dicky.

"By the gentle Mizraim, I said," answered Dicky. "Is Mustapha Bey's life worth an hour's purchase?"

"Is—is he dead?" gasped the cowardly Egyptian, furtively glancing toward the door. Suddenly he fell back fainting, and Dicky threw some water in his face.

"Drink, and pull yourself together if you would save yourself," said Dicky.

"Save—save myself," said Selamlik Pasha, recovering; then, with a sudden suspicion, and to gain time, added quickly, "Ah, it is a trick! He is not a prisoner—you lie!"

"I have not a reputation for lying," rejoined Dicky. "But see!" he added, and throwing open a door pointed to where Mizraim stood with Mustapha Bey gagged and bound. Dicky shut the door again as Selamlik Pasha shrank back.

"You thought," said Dicky with a soft fierceness, "you thought that I would stoop to bargain with Selamlik and not know my way out of the bargain! You thought an Englishman would *beg*, even for a life, of such as you! You thought me, Donovan Pasha, such a fool!"

"Mercy, Excellency!" said Selamlik, spreading out his hands.

Dicky laughed. "You called me names, Selamlik—a dog, and the son of a dog with a dog's heart. Was it wise?"

"Is there no way? Can no bargain be made?"

Dicky sat down, lighting a cigarette.

"To save a scandal," answered Dicky dryly, "I am prepared to grant you terms."

"Speak—Excellency."

"The life of the Englishman for the life of your son and your own. Also the freedom of the six Circassian slaves whom you house now at Beni Hassan, ready to bring to your palace. Also, for these slaves two hundred Turkish pounds apiece. Also, your written word that you will bring no more slaves into Egypt. Is the bargain fair?"

"Mizraim may still betray us," said Selamlik, trembling with relief, but yet apprehensive.

"Mizraim is in my power—he acts for me," said Dicky. "Whose life is safe here save my own?"

"So be it. It shall be as your will is, Excellency," answered Selamlik Pasha in a shaking voice; and he had time to wonder even then how an Englishman could so outwit an Oriental. It was no matter how Mustapha Bey, his son, was lured; he had been seized in the harem, and all truth can be forsworn in Egypt, and the game was with this Donovan Pasha.

"Send to your palace, commanding that the Englishman be brought here," said Dicky; and Selamlik Pasha did so.

And Sowerby, of the Mounted Infantry, was freed that night, and the next day Dicky Donovan had six Circassian slaves upon his hands. He passed them over to the wife of Fielding Bey, with whom he had shared past secrets and past dangers.

And Selamlik Pasha held his peace in fear. And the Khedive and Cairo never knew why there was a truce to battle between Dicky Donovan and that vile Pasha called Trousers.

The Burne-Jones-Kipling Split

MR. KIPLING may, perhaps, have voiced the sentiments of the great majority of the British nation on the war, but it is somewhat amusing to note that he did not entirely succeed in converting his own immediate family to his views. His aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, the widow of the celebrated painter, has been an active member of the "Conciliation Committee," which is popularly termed pro-Boer, in England, and the other day was prominent in organizing a women's mass meeting to protest against the annexation of the South African Republics, a policy which Mr. Kipling advocates heart and soul.

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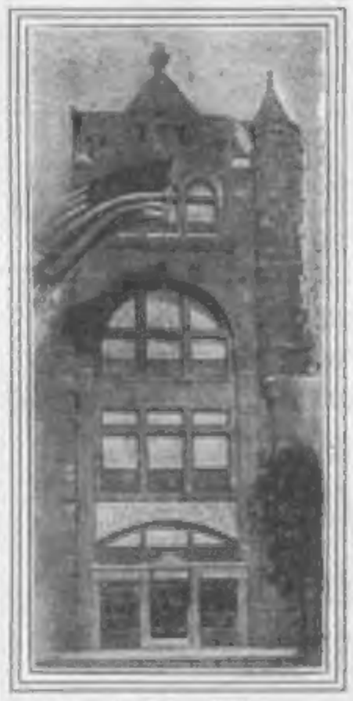

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John Chinaman at Home

(Continued from Page 3)

spectacle which the martial defenders of the Celestial Empire make of themselves is at their drill, especially when practicing for military degrees. There are military as well as literary degrees conferred by the Emperor, and these coveted honors are given largely for skill. But not for skill with a Mauser or Henri-Martini, not for accuracy of rifled cannon practice or daring horsemanship, but —save the mark!—for skill in archery, and that in the closing year of the nineteenth century! Evidently China has not yet heard that the bow and arrow are out of date. The favorite practice is shooting from horseback, and this idea seems to retain something of the romance of chivalry until we see the manœuvres for ourselves. Then the possibly sublime quickly subsides into the ridiculous. A trench is dug for the archers, and the old hacks which they mount amble along in this ditch while the bowmen, as they slowly pass the target, discharge their arrows at it. Even under these easy conditions the target is rarely hit.

In the Treasurer's Yamen at Foochow, as in other cities, are stored implements which the candidates for the military degree use in their practice—huge stone mallets which they learn to throw, great cleavers and spears and three-pronged tridents which they learn to wield. Most amusing of all is a hobby-horse of gaunt and knobby build which the aspirant for a degree mounts and practices upon before he is allowed to mount the real horse in the ditch. When I visited the Yamen one of these would-be soldiers, for a small silver consideration, obligingly mounted his wooden horse and struck a martial attitude with his bow, while a friend snapped a camera at him.

At the entrance to this Yamen is a long white wall on which are painted heroic scenes from Chinese history. These are reproductions of historic events that occurred a thousand years ago, and they represent the brave general on his horse twanging his bow at the fleeing enemy.

Fooling the Malevolent Spirits

No small part of a Chinaman's time is spent in fooling the spirits. Many of the gods in his Pantheon are malevolent deities who must be appeased or deceived. Apparently, too, they are very stupid spirits, who can be imposed upon by the most trifling impostures. Most of them seem to be knaves, and all, without exception, fools. The character of his belief has done not a little to add to the heavy burden under which the Chinese peasant is groaning.

For instance, in order to mislead the spirits there are few straight roads in China. How many millions of years of toil in the aggregate has this effort to turn aside malevolent spirits added to the poor burden-bearer of China! You cannot go a dozen rods without coming to a sharp corner. Even the roads through the rice fields zigzag back and forth in a most perplexing corkscrew fashion, while in the cities one is continually winding in and out and out and in as though the road had been laid out on the ram's-horn principle. Moreover, the road often goes out of its way to climb a hill, up which the broken-backed coolie with his heavy load must climb only to make his way toilsomely down again, when the road might have been kept on a flat and level plain.

Blind Man's Buff in the Highways

The reason for all these turnings and windings is simply that the spirits may be fooled and turned out of their path, and may not reach their destination. It is well known in China that spirits travel in a straight line and on level ground, so, if they come to an obstructing wall or a turn in the road, they simply go straight ahead and do not find the party they are after and whom they wish to plague in some uncanny way. Because of this superstition the lot of the laboring man in China, always hard, is almost doubled in severity, and the number of useless "foot pounds," if we can express it mathematically, which he raises every day in absurd deference to the spirits must be calculated by the billion.

When you enter the gate of a city there are usually two entrances in adjacent walls, but they are never opposite one another. In order to find the second you must turn a corner. This is in order that the spirits may lose themselves in getting in. Often these gates are built of massive stones and are highly ornamented and cost large sums of money, but nothing is too costly to deceive the spirits.

Playing at Handball with Evil Spirits

In front of a temple one frequently sees a great stone screen, which is built to deflect the spirits and turn them aside from the ancestral hall. The roofs of the temples and many of the houses turn up at the end instead of sloping down as roofs do in civilized countries. This is not for the picturesqueness of the effect, as might be supposed though this effect is undeniable, but in order that the spirits may depart into the upper air when they come to the curving roof tree, instead of falling into the courtyard below.

On a boat in some parts of China the cook will be very angry if you cross your chopsticks on top of your bowl of rice, for the word in his language for crossed chopsticks is the same as for overturning the boat. Neither must you ask him in the Ningpo language, "When do we arrive?" because to arrive is the same word as "shipwreck." A friend one day pointed out to me a rude picture of a turtle chalked on a wall with some Chinese characters near it, and told me that the owner of the wall, in order to preserve his premises from defacement, had written, "If you hurt this wall you are a turtle," which was the heaviest curse that could be pronounced upon the superstitious passer-by, who wished to be anything but a turtle in the next world. Hence his walls were preserved intact.

"You are a cow," says one woman to another in the height of her uncontrollable anger, and nothing worse can be said to her neighbor, for if she is to be a cow in the future state of existence she will have to drink all the dirty water she has made in her ablutions in this world.

Hoodwinking the Demons with Names

In the matter of their children, parents are continually trying to fool the spirits. They frequently call them by most opprobrious names in order that the spirits may not know how much they love them, as "little slave," "little dog," and "good-for-nothing brat." Of course if the spirits hear them called by these names they will suppose that they are not worth harming. As boys are esteemed much more highly than girls they are frequently given girls' names so that the spirits may think they are girls and deem them too worthless to kill.

The other day I saw upon the street a very boyish-looking little girl, of ten years old or so, with an earring in one ear, an anklet on one ankle and her hair combed in bangs in front. I asked the mother if it was a little girl, for I had my suspicions, and she responded, "Oh, no, he is a boy, but we make him look like a girl so that the spirits will not run off with him."

At the grave's mouth these superstitions naturally reach the climax of absurdity, for there it is important to deceive the spirits in every possible way. So piles and piles of paper money are burned at the proper season in order that the departed may have passage-money into spirit land, roast pigs and pheasants and all kinds of delicacies are offered to his manes in order that he may have enough to eat and drink, paper houses are provided for him to live in, and paper horses for him to ride. Then all are burned, for this is the approved way of sending the supplies to the other world. Great care is taken in the selection of a site for the grave, which is always decided by the geomancer, and if good luck comes to the family of the deceased others are likely to plant their graves near by that they may share in the good influences.

All these superstitions have their sad and pathetic side, for they show the depth of the spiritual blackness into which these people are plunged. Nowhere is the pathetic side more strongly brought out than when death comes to a household and the poor mother, with an aching heart, bends over the cradle of the little boy who is breathing his last, and cries out in anguish: "You are a little girl! You are a little girl! You are a pig! You are a slave! At best you are nothing but a little girl!" But the spirits do not heed, and the pride of her heart is taken away, and the joy of her eyes is quenched forever, for the spirit of death can no man fool even in China.

Editor's Note—This paper, by the Rev. Francis E. Clark, President of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, is based upon information gathered on the spot, during the author's journey around the world, only a few days before the landing of Admiral Kempff's marines.

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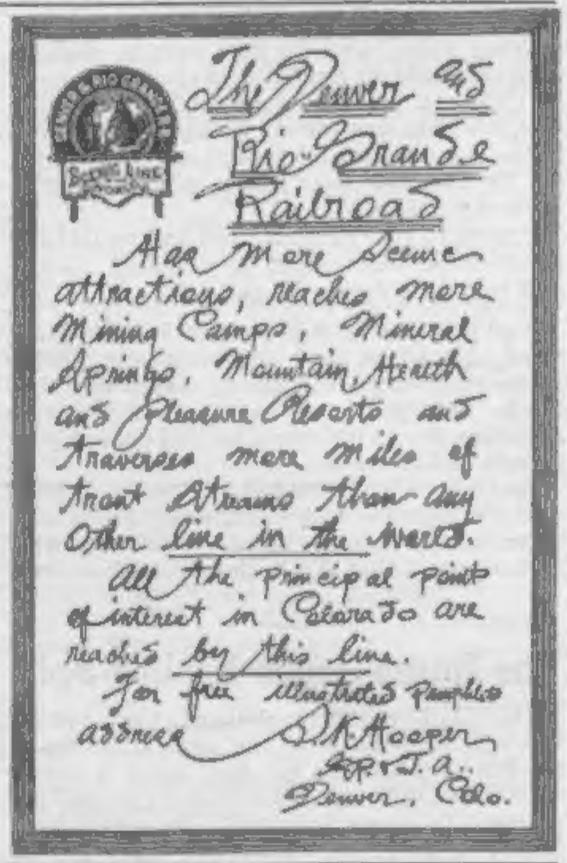
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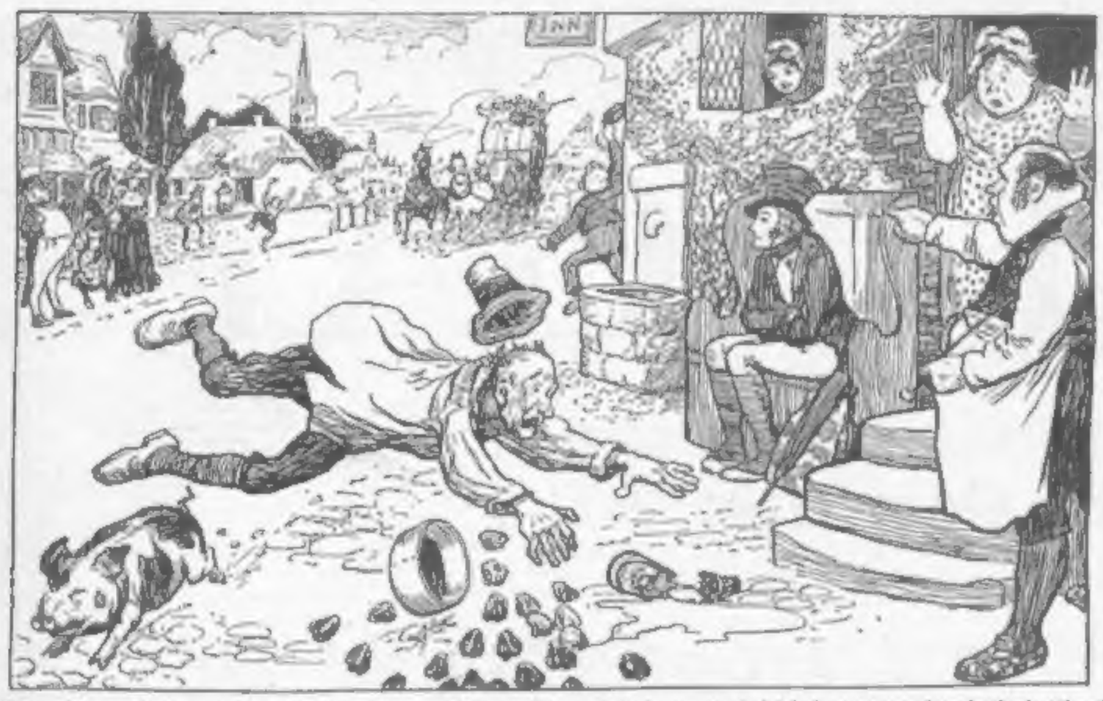

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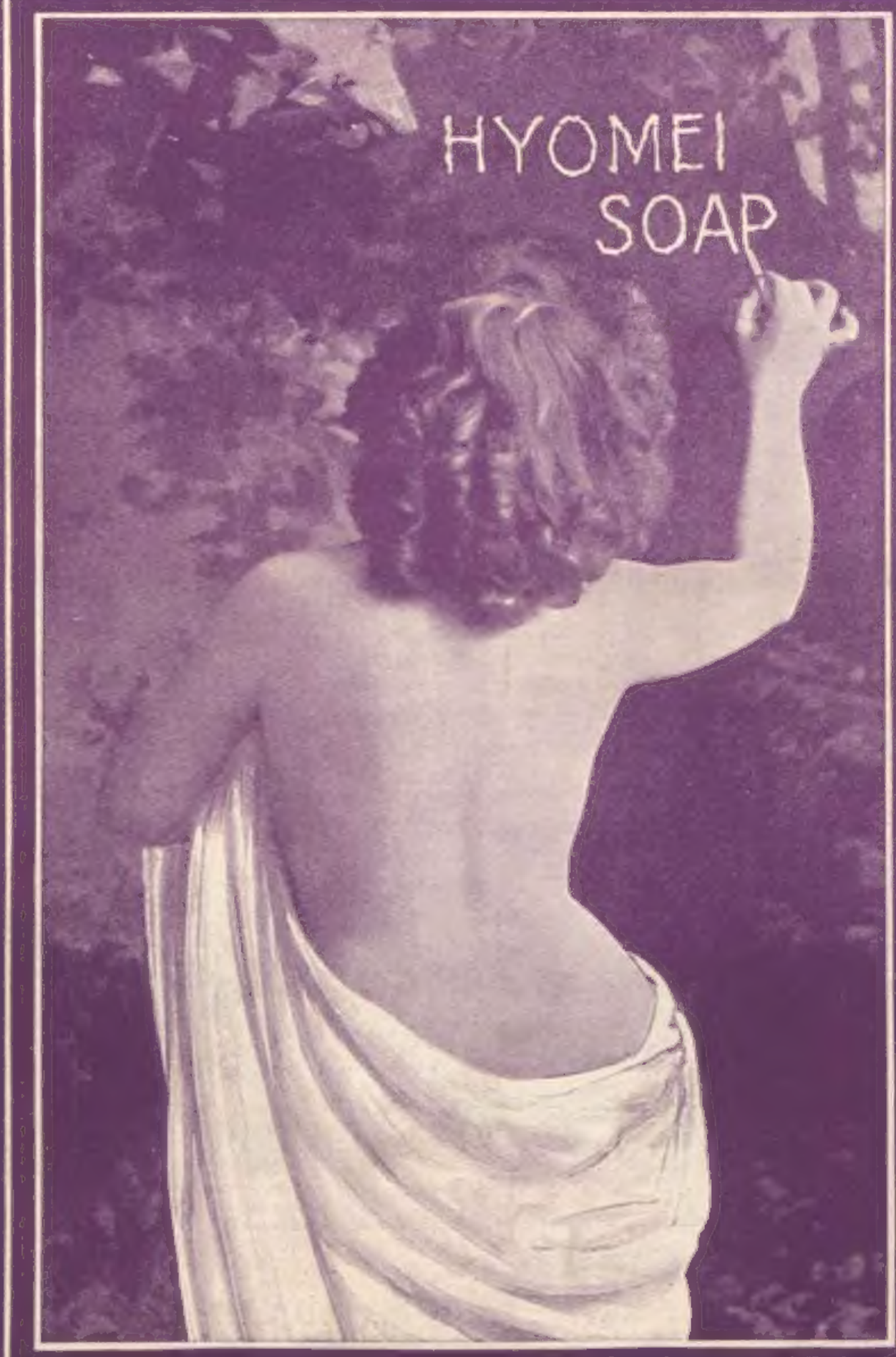

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